



THE WESLEYAN

Christmas Number



THE WESLEYAN

Ad Astra per Asperum

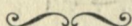
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MACON, GEORGIA

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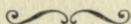
CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1928



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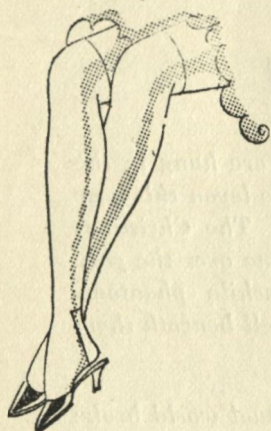
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Foreword

THE holly wreathes that are hung in the Colonial windows of Wesleyan this year shall be christening wreathes. The Christmas stars shall shine for the first time over the gray roofs—roofs that shelter erstwhile phantoms whose owners will return to dwell beneath them after the season of holiday.

The renaissance of the spiritual world broke with that miraculous dawn which first greeted the eyes of the Child Christ, years ago in the streets of Bethlehem. It is hard to realize, it is overwhelming to realize that all included in the word "happiness," all that it implies to us today—thousands of years, thousands of miles away—is ours because that one small Child was born in that one small manger in that one small town.

May this, the Christmas of 1928, the baptismal Christmas for Wesleyan College, be a renaissance correspondingly as glorious, the dawn of an era of light, and love, and service that shall be looked back upon hundreds of years hence as a milestone on the path that leads from the lowly manger to the feet of Christ, the Prince of Peace.

Among The Contributors



THE TABLE of contents for the Christmas Number of the Wesleyan includes articles by many authors unfamiliar to these pages. Among the poets Miss Mary Fiske is outstanding with "Christmas Prayer," and other short Christmas poems. Miss Fiske also presents a feature article.

Miss Margaret Chapman, editor of the Wesleyan last year, has written a characteristically clever article entitled "From a Grandmother's Point of View." Another writer who made frequent contributions to the magazine last year is Miss Helen Lowe, editor of the *Veterropt*, who has written an interesting book review on the novel "Black April."

Miss Helen Kilpatrick, winner of the freshman Wesleyan contest in 1926 has chosen the type of article in which she shows special ability, the feature article "Christmas is Not Tinsel-Deep," is a beautiful treatment of the deeper meaning of Christmas. Miss Elizabeth Manget, whose prize poem appeared in the last issue, shows in the sketch "St. George's Temple" another oriental scene.

Miss Elizabeth Fort develops the

character of Carl Crawford, a youth who has an elevated opinion of himself, and a none too altruistic attitude toward humanity in general, in a realistic short short-story.

The legends of Christmas are interestingly discussed by Miss Christine Moore. Among other feature article writers in this issue are Misses Allene Brown, Helen Clark, Mildred Barber, and Helen McNutt, representatives of their respective classes in "What Santa Claus Means to Me." Still another is Miss Marion Dean Johnson, author of "The Yuletide Spirit."

Several changes will be noted in the editorial staff. Miss Bernice Bassett, formerly associate editor, has been elected editor of the *Rambler*, and Miss Clara Nell Hargrove, last year junior literary editor, has been chosen associate editor.

A new department, "Lavender" will serve as a poetry corner in coming issues of the Wesleyan. The poems in this section are to represent all the classes. Those who have contributed this month not on the staff are Misses Fisk, Manget, Frances Zachry, and Eleanor McMichael.



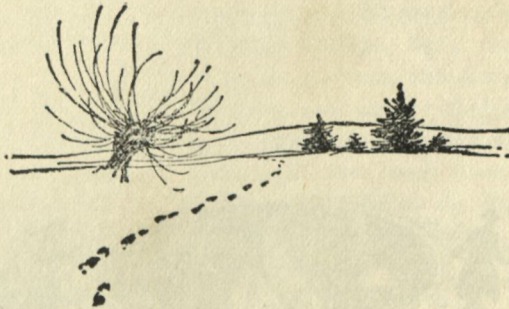
The Carol Singers

*"Noel, Noel!" the joyful carols ring—
The haunting hours of Christmas Eve are gone,
And ere the world has quite awakened come
The carol-singers, wand'ring in the dawn!*

*How sweet to waken to their silvery notes,
To listen while the songs their tidings tell,
To see them linger in the glistening streets,—
What words more gladdening than "Noel, Noel"?*

*"Noel!" they sing. "Noel!" the roofs repeat—
The rising sun with crimson tints the snow.
Blue smoke from ice-hung chimneys slowly curls,
And down the street the carol-singers go.*

*"Noel, Noel!" The echoes die away.
I listen till each magic note is gone—
How long the world must wait to hear again
The carol-singers, wand'ring in the dawn!*



The Santa of 2028

By MARTHA COOPER



TAR of Christmas," broadcasted the helio announcer from the central station on the moon, "Stand by for the Earth. WOX tell Longitude and Latitude in North America I'm ready with Christmas. All right, Master Smythe, here's Mr. Claus. Go ahead."

"Santa, Santa! This is Magnetio Smythe broadcasting at Georgia, U. S. A., Earth. I want to add something to my list that I helioed last week. I want some laughing gas so my instructor won't make me learn about a Ford in my ancient mechanism class."

"Well, now, Magnee," chuckled St. Nicholas as he adjusted the giant mirror labelled the "Earth" in order that he might see Magnee more clearly. "Not so long ago you stuck a live wire in your mother's blimp and punctured it. Kept her from going to Mars to make a disarmament speech."

"Why, Santa, I didn't—"

"Now, Magee, look at me. Don't fib. I saw you."

"No, I—"

"Look me in the eye."

"I did, but I just wanted to see what kind of fuss helium made when it came out."

"Well, I guess you found out for what purpose Wendel spanking machines are used."

"Santa, won't you please bring me—"

"Didn't the Presidentress of the United States read you kiddies my ethergram?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"Well, didn't I say I'd remember only good little boys?"

"Yes, sir, But—"

"I haven't time to argue—"

"Santa, please."

"Look here, if I bring you some hilary-gen gas, it would make the presidentress



a story-teller. Would that be fair when she and her club—the Supreme Educated Women—had this star deeded to me after what your grandfather did?"

"Santa, I can't—"

"Yes, your own grandfather brought some of his sun machines up to

my pole, melted the snow, killed all my reindeer except Prancer, and left me destitute. Why, without those women and their subscriptions, I wouldn't have my star, my home, my plant, my workers, or my aeros. Can I desert them?"

"Santa, please."

"You have been naughty. I might not come to see you at all."

"Oh, Santa!"

"But—"

"Please."

"Will you promise to be good?"

"I'll promise anything."

"You will tune in on Sunday School each Sunday, you won't hobo flights, you will study aerodenetics, and you won't try to see your parents too often?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir!"

"Well" yawned Santa, "I'm mighty soft-hearted. I suppose I'll see you in a few hours, sign off."

"Thank you, Santa! Sign off."

"Ho-hum. Believe I'll take an old-fashioned doze before I hop off."

After a few minutes of peace Mrs. Claus, over the house radio, called from upstairs. "Nicholas, it is time you started to dress."

"Umhuh."

"I see you. You're asleep. Wake up. You've barely four hours to get to the Earth."

"Umhuh."

"Oh! I'll have to come down."

Presently Mrs. Claus glided in on an electric chair. No longer does she walk. "Just a strong current in your

chair and you'll wake up. The very idea of sleeping!"

"By Lindbergh! What happened! Oh, my back!"

"It's time you were leaving, dear; shall I order the aeros?"

"Yes, yes," agrees Santa, as he presses a button, and lo! he stands.

Mrs. Claus glided over to the desk. Picking up a mandatephone she dialed for the hangars. "Kris, fly the 'Spirit of Christmas' up right away. Mr. Claus is ready to get down to Earth. Tell the men to get the other aeros ready." Dialing again for the plant, "Yule-tide, pack the toys, and tell Krinkle to send in Nicholas' Santa suit."

Soon a flowing garment of light, lavender material floated in upon a wire. A modernized Santa suit! Obstinate Claus, however, has sewed patches of real Christmas red on the lavender.

Gliding up under the suit, Santa pulls a string and the suit is on. "Well, Christie, dear, how do I look?"

"As usual. Better shave, though, while I radio for the toys and the boys."

In a few minutes the aeros and the helicopters sirened that they were out in front. Mr. and Mrs. Claus glided out. The servants with sacks followed. No longer is there just one sack, but hundreds. There are toys for the children of the Earth, Venus, Neptune, Jupiter, Mars, and others. In these packs are miniature automobiles and aeroplanes, electric horses, bottles of chemicals, but there are no dolls and guns. Guns have given way to terrible gases in real warfare, and the modern boy knows about them only from his ancient history, and what a boy of the day does not want, a girl will not have. Finally, the mechanical packing is over. After giving Christina a visual kiss, Mr. Claus glides into the nacelle of the "Spirit of Christmas" and signals to start. Each astronaut glides into his plane and they are off. Santa still reserves for himself the place where he was born. He let his colleagues take care of the planets while he visited the Earth children.

On account of St. Nicholas' age, the navigator of the "Spirit of Christmas" started over at a very moderate speed. Soon, however, the anemometer showed that gradually he was increasing his 1000 miles per five minutes velocity. Presently they docked in Panama City. In fast automobiles Santa descended to the ground-floor of the Aero Terminal, got into an ordinary airplane, flew to Washington, and over the Governmental Parcel Electric Delivery Company sent presents to each home in the United States. Next he flew to Quebec and so on until he had presented the two Americas. In ornithopters and airplanes he flew to Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, and filled waiting stockings.

In a comparatively short time the modern Santa Claus had finished his year's work. He helioed the other Clauses on the other planets to meet him in the sky at an appointed place in order that they might get back to their Star together and in time for a good electrical rest.

Five minutes before their usual cage-time hour the aeros alighted. Mrs. Claus glided out under the flyway. "Well, dear, did you get every thing straight or did you give Gyroscopus Jones what Tetrahedralia Brown wanted?"

"I'd wager my last hydroaeroplane every boy and girl is happy tonight."

"Did you bring me anything from civilization?"

"The whole back seat of the nacelle is full of packages." Glidding into the house Santa called back, "I'm going to my cage and get a good half hour of sleep treatment. Please don't bother me."

Halfway to his cage Santa Claus saw his helio cabinet. "Ford's ghost! I forget my Yuletide message." Dialing, he broadcasted, "Moon operator, the Universe quick—and no wrong wave lengths!"

"All right, Mr. Claus, go ahead."

"Universe, Merry Christmas to all and to all a good rest treatment! Sign off."

Gazelle

By ELIZABETH WILDE

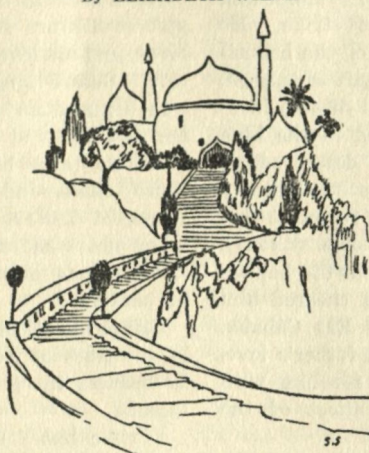


HIFTING, vaporous, black, the sky arched above a cluster of goat-skin tents on an Abyssinian hill-side. A dog, chained to a tent-pole, yelped sharply, protestingly. Fifty feet away, invisible in the gloom, a hyena raised an answering howl. Within one of the tents, two recumbent figures stirred uneasily. The wretched pup, seemingly glad of this assurance that another furred being was keeping the night-watch, barked jubilantly, piercingly, and again the hyena crescendowed back.

The unearthly cantata was dynamite to the best laid plans of body and mind for a quiet sleep. George MacKenzie, American, searching Abyssinia for rare grains to export to the United States, gave up his resolution to forget his weariness in sleep, and crawled out of his blankets. An exasperated laugh came from across the tent. Jack Boyd, an Oxford student traveling for adventure's sake, yawned prodigiously and joined George in the door-way. Silently they stared at the night, which presented to their stare an eerie blankness—With a shudder, half real, half assumed, Jack said "On a night like this, in a place like this—"

"And to a tune like this," interposed George. "Lord! Listen to the beast! What a vocal range—and he's all there with the lung power, too!"

"As I was saying, on a night like this anything could happen—Let's have old Perry in a while. He surely can't sleep through this racket, and he knows this country and its yarns to the last bone of its closeted skeleton. Hey, Perry! Come on in and have a smoke!"



A more compact slice of blackness crossed the open space between the tents, and Perry's deep voice said "Hello, you two still awake?"

"Yeah, and this night's driving us silly, beginning to believe in the Arabian Nights and such kids' tales."

"Arabian Nights, as told by Susie-Belle-Zaidee, or whatever the last wife's name was." Perry chuckled and lit his pipe. "Abyssinia

has its legends as well as Arabia," he said, "and a Susie-Belle whatever you call her among 'em, poor little thing. Regular Blue-Beard she had for a husband."

"Gosh! All the ancient machinery for a real thriller. Let's have it," said Jack.

"Well, it's not such a thriller, but it will bear telling, if you chaps aren't sleepy."

"Sleepy? With that wild calliope tuning up like 'Old Faithful' at three minute intervals? Come on, old man, and tell the sad story of the mythical Susie."

"Well, then, here goes, and I'm going to tell it as near as I can the way I heard it, the first year I was at Addis Abba, from an ancient story-teller who looked as if he might have doubled for Methuselah without disturbing a single white whisker of his beard:

In the glorious centuries of Abyssinia's past, sons descended from the illustrious Queen of Sheba sat upon the throne. Autocratic, spirited men, these, with alert minds, and hands which wielded firmly their absolute power. In the reign of Ras Cababa, there came to the court a young Prince of the royal line, the only son of the Emperor's younger brother. Ras Cababa was childless, his brother was his only heir, and thus Prince Taffari

was destined to rule. He was tall, athletic, with thick black hair, and black eyes in which the lightning slumbered but lightly, ever ready to strike. He was a fighter, an admirer of the beautiful, and possessor of the gift of speech. He had great charm, but all these princely qualities were consumed in the blue blaze of his anger, which destroyed all that dared stand in its path. Military discipline was the only restraint his proud Highness had ever known, although his heart walked ever within the bounds of honor. All Addis Abba cheered him as he knelt at the feet of Ras Cababa. His uncle loved him with a father's love, and arranged a marriage for him with the daughter of the mightiest of the Abyssinian nobles.

Princess Zauditu, called "the Flaming Pearl" in her father's house, was as lovely a lady as ever graced a Prince's dreams. Queenly, tall, stately as a royal poplar tree, she had an oval face framed in ebony waves of hair that shimmered like the iridescent feathers of a bird's wing at mating time. Her eyes were like starless desert nights before a storm, when the moon lingers in the land of sleep and the little stars forget to shine. Words faint and fail before the sweetness of her small scarlet mouth. She was happy to be the bride of the handsome young Prince, and the chill weight of her wedding jewels was as nothing to her as she stood at his side. The hearts of the people glowed with pride in the well-matched couple. As they left the temple, treading on flowers, wreathed round with fragrance and admiration, a wrinkled hag, daughter of a Parsee, in whose faded eyes lurked the Chaldees' ageless craft, cried after them a dread warning:

"A storm cometh, and crime beyond all crimes! Afterwards, peace, in a mighty wave, and on its crest, love, such as is given to few beneath the sun."

The Prince and the peerless Zauditu were unmoved by the prophesy, but the brow of the Ras grew troubled, and Zauditu's father, knowing her to be truly

was a "Flaming Pearl," shook his head, distrustful of the future.

At home in their eucalyptus-shaded palace, Taffari found happiness in his bride, and his love for her seemed boundless. Before long he found that there was fire and an unyielding will beneath her beauty, and from her wilful independence and his imperious jealousy there came, indeed, the storm. The wrath of Taffari was so great that he knew not what he did, and the life of Zauditu was blown away by the winds of passion.

Crime indeed stalked among the eucalyptus trees of Addis Abba's royal park. In sadness the great noble came to Ras Cababa.

"Crime has followed the storm, sire, and the 'Flaming Pearl' is still. The wrong done my house beats like a hammer in my temples."

Ras Cababa pondered; slay his brother's son he could not, not was it asked of him. But, honor demands a reparation from Taffari, whatever might have been the provocation given him by the heedless Princess. Zauditu had a sister, a mere slip of a girl—sixteen, she was, when the prophesy came to pass—her father's pet, and so kept in subjection by her sister that she was of all maidens most gentle, and because of her happy heart she had yielded to Zauditu not grudgingly but with winning sweetness. Ras Cababa wished to honor Zauditu's family by a second union with the royal house, that the reflection cast upon the name by her violent death might be erased. Therefore he decreed that Taffari should wed the younger sister.

The timid maiden, knowing that she faced death, or a life lived in seclusion, away from the love and protection of her father, in the luxurious neglect of a civil marriage, would gladly have refused the hand of the handsomest man of the day. But she was her father's daughter, and for the honor of her name she sadly but calmly allowed them to dress her in the priceless jewels that

were her father's mute effort to smooth her path.

Taffari, dazed by the gust of anger which had driven him to snuff out the life that was the light of his eyes was submissive. The day that was to unite a helpless docile child and a young Prince with stained hands and a darkened spirit, stole upon them in a hushed dawn whose frightened fingers had streaked the Eastern sky with fragile scarfs of tender blue, fluttering amid sullen blood-rose banners. While these tints yet dyed the gleaming marble of the great temple, a father watched his baby daughter, motionless beneath the bride's masquerade of silks and gems, become a Princess-Royal for the honor of his name. "May the fates be kind to thee, thou Gazelle," he murmured sadly. Thus was she called by all who loved her, for her gentleness, and shy grace. Taffari noticed even in his abstraction, that his young wife was quite small, her veiled head not reaching his despondent shoulder. He felt no interest in her, other than the sharp fear lest he injure her. Surely she could be no lovelier than Zauditu, and had he not struck her down in her beauty?

Ras Cababa came to the harem while the nobles were enjoying the wedding feast, and, touched by the resignation of the Gazelle, presented to her not only the formal tribute of a diamond pendant, but a gift which seemed more fitting for the child she still was, a great Persian cat with snow-white fur, a red, red, tongue, and a lazy enjoyment of caresses. Gazelle took the cat in her arms, and the warm presence seemed to melt the icy fear in her heart. She smiled at the kindly Ras, and kissed his hand. "Jehovah preserve thee, my daughter," he said tenderly, and left her alone in the harem. There was no hope of happiness in his heart, and everyone had forgotten the ending of the prophesy.

In the days of sore trial that followed, the friendly cat became Gazelle's one consolation. Tajii by his playfulness

made interesting the seemingly endless journey inland to Majetii, whence Taffari had been ordered for a year's experience as ruler of a mutinous province. The cat and the Gazelle became inseparable. In the equally luxurious, equally lonely harem at Majetii where the Gazelle was established seeing no one but her maids for two long weeks, Tajii became her love, her consolation, and all the courage with which she faced her terrible situation as the wife of the Prince to whom she had surrendered her beloved sister seemed to come to her from the soft furry body draped with such lazy grace over her slender arm.

At length, having attended to the pressing affairs of the province, Taffari sent for his bride. Never would he forget his first sight of her. She was no Flaming Pearl it was true, but the welcoming glow of a taper at twilight is more precious to a lonely, bewildered heart than the conflagration of dawn. Taffari's heart was sore, and he felt wistful and uncertain of himself now that his dealings with men were concluded. Gazelle stood in the lamplight, her dress of clear amber color seeming to absorb all the warmth and light in the room. The diamond pendant flashed at her breast, Tajii yawned in her arms, and her great brown eyes were fixed on Taffari with all the pleading of a child for a friend, and the fear of a small animal in a trap, struggling for supremacy in their limpid gaze. Her hair was softly brown, not ebony, and curled to her shoulders.

A mighty pity for this slender child touched his heart and he spoke to her gently. The Gazelle had had unusual freedom as her father's favorite, and her mind was alert and trained to talk with men as few harem ladies' ever were. Taffari found her conversation so entertaining that he quite held his breath lest she anger him. Then he sent her away quickly, with a sigh of relief for her sake that she had only pleased him, nor did it seem strange to him to thus protect her from himself! This began

the strange intercourse between the lion-like Taffari and the Gazelle, with Tajii the cat for reserve forces.

He watched himself lest he allow his anger to hurt her. He protected her from the danger of his fury with watchful zeal. This new feeling of protective tenderness filled him with a gentle pleasure, and he rejoiced in her presence. All the time, unnoticed, his self-control was growing, and he was becoming a man. When the strong men under his rule rebelled, he remembered that warfare and slaughter would frighten her, and dealt with them in wisdom, instead of force of arms.

He took her wherever he went about the province, and viewed the people through her sympathetic eyes, and addressed himself to the task of governing wisely, upheld by her patience. Thus the months of the year passed, and Taffari's memory was so full of pictures of the soft loveliness of his Gazelle, the great cat ever in her arms or at her feet, that he ceased to long for the glorious Zauditu. Almost, he felt he would welcome the time when he could take his treasure with him to the capitol. But his fear that his mind might not always stand between her and his temper had not yet departed from him, although he rejoiced in his belief that she never knew her danger. He was not sure, even when he found her clinging compassion his only solace for the news of his father's death.

At least came a day when the fulfillment of the prophesy was made complete. A lion cub, symbol of the royalty of Abyssinia, playing on the steps of the dais from which Taffari gave judgment, caught sight of Gazelle's darling, and with one playful spring, made of the pet but a lifeless, bloody mass of fur. Gazelle fell on her knees by his side, and wept all the tears she had locked up in her heart since her fatal wedding day.

There Taffari found her, her face as white as her satin robe, the cat's limp

body clasped to her breast, her hands stained with its blood, and in her eyes the bewildered agony of one who has lost her all. Taffari felt then the greatest agony of pain and remorse he had ever known, as he heard her entreat her darling Tajii to open his eyes, sobbing that he had been her only support and comfort during those long months when she had known herself to be in peril of death at the hands of the one whose life should have been her protection. So she had known, had faced him, helped him, been his companion, without one thought of self, for honor's sake! This delicate lovely girl, his Gazelle! Torn with apprehension, he approached her gently. Would she turn from him in horror, blaming him for the cruelty of his pet to hers? He sickened at the grim thought that it might have been his cruelty to her. But his ceaseless striving for gentleness throughout their long exile had its reward.

At this touch, she dropped the chill form, crept sobbing into his arms, clung to him. The utter trust of her, the weakness which he now knew to have been so strong to endure mastered him. Picking up the lion who had done the mischief, he put it in her arms saying, "No longer a royal lion for me and a helpless kitten for you, my beloved, but one pet for us both, mine as well as yours, and yours as well as mine. Protection, playmate, and lover shall he be for my Gazelle."

She understood his meaning, and smiling through her tears, accepted the new pet, and the new understanding that had come to them. Weakness had shown itself strength, peace had come from storm, and love had swept all doubts from their two hearts. Taffari knew now that he could never hurt Gazelle, for his brave heart answered her gentle one; she knew she could never fail him, for her courage matched his own. At their feet tumbled the cub, promise of power to Abyssinia when this Prince who had mastered himself for love should

rule, and the future lay before them.

* * *

When Perry ceased speaking, the last howl of the hyena died away, and the dog whimpered sleepily and lay still. Homesickness tugged at young Jack's heart, and George was deep in reverie. Perry rose and said, "Good-night, the story lasted as long as the racket, any-

way. A slight thing in itself, but it beat that wild beast out yonder! See you in the morning."

He went out, and George, closing the tent flap, saw that twin stars had crept into the brooding night like love and honor lighting up the mystery that is life.

The Street to the Sea

*That's the street to the sea—
Over the cobblestones
He strode away one day,—
He turned there, waved to me,
And then the tall wharf-houses,
Streaked with the ships' black smoke
Swallowed him up.*

*I watch ships come and go,
Up the deep harbor and out,—
Great ships, small ships,—his ship,
But no one strides this way
Over the cobblestones.
That smoky street to the sea
Has swallowed him up.*

What Santa Claus Means To Me

By a Freshman



IT WAS Santa Claus time. I hung up my stocking and jumped in bed. As I snuggled down beneath my wooly comforts, I thought of the treasures my knobby stocking would hold in the morning.

During the night, I suddenly felt an awful weight being laid upon my feet. I realized someone was trying to awaken me by shaking my shoulder. I opened my eyes, and as they became accustomed to the faint light in the room, I saw a little old man sitting in a chair beside my bed. He was jolly in appearance and yet his eyes were stern as those of a judge who must make a decision against his will.

"Who are you?" I asked in a startled voice. He pointed to a big pack that was lying on my feet, and I recognized him to be Old Saint Nicholas.

"Little lady," he said, "I have power to give only to those who deserve. My faithful bookkeepers have handed in some reports against you. Now understand, these reports do not mean that you have lost all opportunity of receiving your allotted gifts. They simply mean that your actions have not seemed satisfactory and I must have an explanation.

"Listen carefully, and explain to me the motive that prompted these acts." He opened up his ledger and slowly, with an air of one who would make no mistakes, he began to read: "Miss Carol Mason, freshman at Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia.

Offense number I:

"This little lady acted as hostess one night at a midnight feast, which in itself



deserves much praise. However, the party was interrupted by the voice of Miss Wendell at the door. The hostess rudely pushed her guests into the clothes-closet, causing them to be extremely uncomfortable for fully five minutes.

Offense number II:

"The little lady smiled at the young man whom she did not know. Her smile was

charming and her manner friendly. Our unsatisfactory report is the fact that when he spoke to her, she ignored him. Offense number III:

"Some lowgrade reports were sent to this little freshman, which proved that she was taking her recreation properly and consistently. Then she committed an unpardonable offense. She signed a card promising to study diligently from now on through exams."

"There is but one more offense," Mr. Santa Claus remarked in a saddened voice. "I have read and reread it and cannot understand it. The other morning you were sent out of the dining-room because you were late to breakfast. Then, instead of going around and coming in the back doors and taking your proper place, you went without your breakfast, which is detrimental to your smiles."

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" I sat up with a start. Old Saint Nicholas was gone and in place of his pack was my stocking stuffed with treasures and a heavy, mysterious looking package.

My little brother stopped shouting, "Merry Christmas!" and gave this piece of childish philosophy, "Gee! I'll bet Santy can fly an aeroplane better than

Lindy. Old Santa is the best man in the world!" My dream acquaintance with the friendly old man, with his just ideas of a freshman's behavior, made me heartily agree with my brother that Santa Claus is the best old man in the world.



By a Sophomore

"Tinkle, tinkle," jingled the Christmas bells on the Salvation Army wagon which bore the robust personage, Santa Claus, slightly deficient in size in places where the pillows refused to meet. But to me this meant the annual heralded arrival of that dear old saint, whose presence I was never to be aware of on Christmas eve. So I dashed frantically to my bedroom, untied and slid out of my high-laced shoes, and buried myself in bed, for fear that he should not leave me any toys, if he thought I was spying.

This represents my earliest recollection of Santa Claus, whom I considered as another earthly father, even though I was never allowed to see him. But he was intensely interested in me, as well as in other children, I was sure, because all summer and winter long, he spent every minute available in fashioning new playtoys for us, especially dolls with curly, golden or black hair. Why, nothing interfered with his sacred duty to us,—no, not even extremely cold weather, when sometimes the radiators ceased to function, or even politics.

Of course, Mrs. Santa Claus was almost as important as her husband. It

was her duty to fix old Santa's meals, look after the general household, and above all to sew dresses for the dolls Santa made.

Once, some girls, who were just a little older than I, began teasing and taunting me about believing that such a man, in whom I had such implicit faith, ever existed to bring toys.

"Why, doesn't he bring you playthings, too?", I asked in amazement. "No?" I thought, "The reason why they don't believe in him is that he doesn't bring them anything." With my chin high in the air, I walked away haughtily.

Still I wasn't exactly satisfied with my own conclusion, and so I determined to end my doubts with an experiment. Just before I went to bed on that joyous eve, I took the largest tangerine from the fruit bowl, wrapped it up daintily with a card on top, "To Santa Claus," and placed it on the table in the hall, where Santa would be sure to see it. The next morning I went to the table to see whether he had taken it or not. I was stunned with disappointment when I found it just as I had left it the night before. Sorrowfully I entered the dining-room for breakfast, where I confided my secret to my mother.

"Why, dear, I meant to tell you," she said, after a moment's hesitation and with a little embarrassment, "Santa left you a note thanking you for being so thoughtful, even though he was in too big a hurry to eat it."

While I finished my breakfast, she left the room, and in a few minutes returned with the note, which I eagerly received.

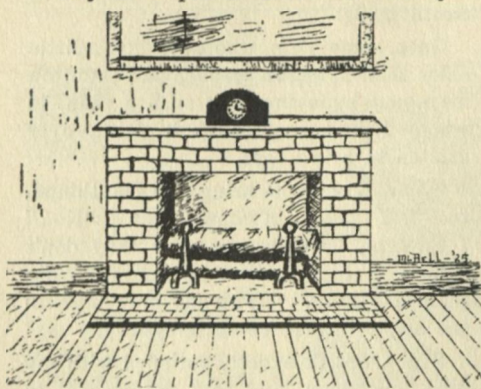
But a year or so later I recognized the handwriting.

By a Junior

*"Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house,
Not a creature is stirring, not even a mouse."*

The world lay still, blanketed with snow. The street-lights seemed sleepy, now and then blinking their large bright

eyes in the clear night. Here and there a home, brilliantly lighted, became suddenly enveloped in darkness. Everyone



was preparing for the joyous dawn of the morrow, the birthday of the Christ.

However, in the window of one house standing slightly apart, a close observer might have seen the almost imperceptible movement of a curtain. Behind that curtain stood a little girl, dressed snugly in her "nighties." She tripped on tiptoe from the window and then back again. First her starry eyes would peep into the sooty black gloom of the chimney, then just as eagerly scan the silvery landscape lighted by the cold white moon.

But nothing—oh, surely there was something—the very tapping of small hoofs on the roof, and surely that was the tinkling of a sleighbell! But no! Just the falling acorns from a gnarled oak tree, and the mysterious whistling of the wind. For just a moment the disappointed child dropped down on the furry rug, with her hands clasped around her chubby legs and her head resting on her knees. Then the drooping eyelids ceased to droop, and the moon revealed in its path a little white figure who in waiting for Santa Claus had crumpled up on the rug and drifted away to dream-land.

* * *

A jolly old man with cherry-colored cheeks, a nice fat bag with all kinds of

mysterious humps and bumps, a soft white beard that just waited to be stroked, a sleigh jingling with bells and drawn by eight swift reindeer—this made up her childish idea of Santa Claus. Never a doubt entered her head that it could be otherwise.

But as the little girl slept that night, she dreamed that she was older and that Christmas had a richer, fuller meaning. The things she had believed in and had longed to see in her childhood were the symbols of nobler things. Santa Claus was still a dear old man, but sometimes fat and sometimes lean, sometimes short and sometimes tall. He still brought gifts—odd-shaped bundles, but they were not necessarily in a sack on his back, and now they carried with them worlds of love and meaning that they had never had before.

Indeed, he still had a Mrs. Santa Claus to help him, and she with her loving smiles and tender affections, added more joy and cheerfulness to a home than all the imaginary "Clauses" in the wide world. The bag was no longer chock-full of toys and presents, for it was not the material things that counted but the spirit and the attitude that prompted the giver of the gifts. Santa Claus' team of prancing reindeer were now symbolic of the spirit of Christmas. By them the love and gifts of friends were borne. They carried the marvelous sacrificial spirit of Christ from heart to heart, and delved deep into the hearts of those grown cold and unaccustomed to the warmth and cheer of Christmas-time.

The moon had set. The clouds were a mass of hues shading from palest pink to deep saffron as a Christmas sun peeped over the horizon. A shrill blast from a toy horn awakened the sleeping child. She gave one wild shriek and dived into her stocking, which one could readily tell was many sizes too large. And the dream, never to be recalled, passed on into the land of phantoms and mysteries.



By a Senior

There was a time when I hung my stocking by the chimney, too, and thought that Santa Claus would bring everything from apples and candy, to bicycles and toys. That was when my wish didn't exceed my grasp—or Santa's. But one Christmas when I took to wishing for everything from bicycles to houses and lots, complications set in and I became worldly wise.

It wasn't that Santa wouldn't have been willing to bring me all those things and even more. He was always generous and is yet. Still with all his generosity he may afford to bless that day when I began to wonder how he was going to get my things down the chimney. Even that much thought on my part must have been relief to him.

And it is remarkable how soon after that first spark of wonder that I figured it all out and decided that it just couldn't be done. Santa positively could not bring a bicycle down a chimney, fold it as he might, and besides, think of the other things for other people that he'd have on his back, too. Oh, shucks! It was impossible that I had ever believed it at all.

Thus one happy delusion for me was gone forever. None like it ever came again. But Santa never tried to deceive me, and now that I'm grown older he confides in me. Neither can I derive any bliss from the other fellow's ignorance.

My younger brothers and sister all displayed the same master mind that runs in my family when it came to finding out that Santa can't come down the chimney with great things for everybody.

Oh! Who said that ignorance is bliss? He was right, and even might have been secretly thinking of Santa Claus. But so far I have only made this a lamentable regret and I could not leave it that way. Of course I do and always will regret that I learned who Santa is but now that I've done it there is some compensation in consideration of the question:

"What sort of a person would I be at this age if I still thought Santa could come down the chimney with all the things I want today?" I shiver to think. That's why I don't entirely regret my knowledge. Instead of being in Macon today and going to Wesleyan college, I might have been over in Milledgeville, Georgia, (and not going to G. S. C. W. either).

It only takes a master mind like mine to figure that out. And one can see the progress I'm still making. Why, now I have come to the point where I can fully appreciate the undying optimism of Robert Browning. He inspires me to beautiful hope. He consoles me unspeakably when he urges:

"Grow old along with me, the best is yet to be."

If I doubted the reality of Santa Claus I can't doubt the truth of Browning. It is all right to doubt. Browning teaches that it is all right to doubt and that people aren't much good if they aren't moved by doubt (see Rabbi Ben Ezra). Now my conclusion is, then, that it was perfectly all right for me to doubt the "make-believe" Santa even though I felt that I was sinning at the time. Everyone may doubt anything. You may doubt the sense of my conclusion. It is your privilege and may even be your necessity, but "Merry Christmas," anyway.

Saint George's Temple

By ELIZABETH D. MANGET

*A court yard
Bare and clean and gray,
With old dusty evergreens
And a worn pavement.
A smooth-shaven priest
Dressed in a drab gray gown
Stands framed in the doorway.*

*Staunch gray tiles and
Old red rafters of an arched roof
Add security and peace.
Long graceful arms curve upward,
And dragons twine lazy bodies
About slender ridge poles.
Reds and blues and oranges
Dulled by wind and rain.*

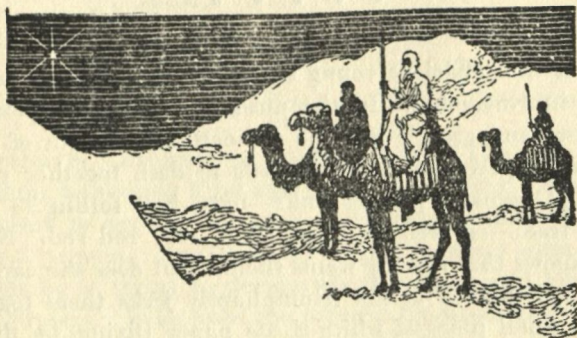
*Inside—
Cold and dark except for
Stray sunbeams that fall on
Scarred candle-racks and scarred columns.
A complacent Buddha with
A grin on his fat gold painted face.
A red flame
Licking at black oil.
Fragrant ashes in brass urns—
Warm from their recent burning.
Sandalwood—
Spicy and fragrant.
Paper money in tawdry strands.*

*And temple sounds—
The sweet mellow tones of a
Hidden bell.
The rumbling, grumbling "barrel"
And its resounding call to
Prayer.
Wild echoing notes on wooden drums
And the clash of broken
Cymbals.
The loud resonant ring
Of the "goggle-eyed fish."
Sounds that call and beckon—
Sounds of another world.*



EDITORIAL

Nativity



"Silent night, holy night—"



HAT is it about Christmas dawn and Christmas night that grips the heart, and stops the word upon the tongue, and fills the mind of the most indifferent with awe? Is it something supernatural, some psychological reaction divinely predestined to stir the soul of man—with joy or remorse, with love or dread—as long as there are Christmas dawns and Christmas nights?

"Silent night, holy night—"

Surely no other words could have been put to such music, and no other music could have the peculiar, haunting beauty of that which is sung with these words. What is it that differentiates this song from the masterpieces of all the Bachs and Chopins and Beethovens in the world?

"Silent night, holy night—"

What but the fact—the mere fact that Christ was born,—Christ, whose spirit moves the soul of man to rejoice and to love, and lifts the one who struggles with remorse and with dread, to the knowledge of joy and love by the sheer holiness and beauty of each anniversary of the Nativity.

Santa Peeps in the Window



DO YOU believe in him? Why not? The ancients had their Buddhas, the Greeks their broadminded Olympians, the Elizabethans their blood-thirsty ghosts—and we, our Santa Claus. He is at the North Pole; I have never visited him. He may wear a funny red suit and boast rosy cheeks, twinkling eyes and a generous figure—I don't know about that.

When I was a child, traying to the nth of ability to exemplify perfect

daughterhood (December 20th-24th), Santa Claus was always around. But he was a sly old fellow and always managed to get away before I could see him. This inspired my early admiration. How I did covet his power of rapidly vanishing at opportune moments! Santa Claus still looks in mortals' windows every year. How he must laugh at our world of Christmas time!

* * * * *

Just look at that efficient young matron. She starts on her Christmas presents early in November. In the most approved of business methods, she makes a list—and groans over the disheartening length of it. But true to her zeal for preparedness, she proceeds to dash together powder puffs. Powder puffs! Dozens of powder puffs—ugly, half falling to pieces. And stacks of shoe trees—covered with ribbon of very red red. Nobody wants them and she knows that nobody wants them. But does she care? "They're presents," she tells herself as she triumphantly jerks them together with a red cord and a small piece of white tissue paper (fixing, by the way, three extra ones in case someone should unexpectedly give her a present).

Then there is the conscientious husband who searches the town for a gift worthy of "the little wife." Finally, he selects the greenest ear-bobs in town for his shrinking, sedate beloved, paying a price over which she would weep for weeks. She will be vivaciously thrilled while she inwardly moans, "And, I'll have to wear those things!" He, in turn, will beam over the latest thing in bridge-lamps with which she presents him, and try, as only a good-hearted husband can, to register gratitude.

But, you know, there are many wives more politic in their dealings at Christmas time. They hint repeatedly and shamelessly for months for the gift of their choice. Of course, they always get exactly the fox neck-piece they had wanted. This is usually the type who gives *him* a set of madeira napkins.

Santa Claus is amused at the superior youth who snoops around the closets to see if "the old man got me that bicycle." He loves and pities the credulous, adorable children—excited, happy, too thrilled to sleep.

Santa is even well known in business circles. Men use him, and and he knows it; but he can still smile at them. "This Christmas advertising is snappy stuff," they will proclaim and forthwith in every store window, in every newspaper, and on every bill-board will appear emblems of the yuletide. The aspiring auditor heartily wishes his boss a merry Christmas and wishes from the depth of his heart that he would give him a raise—"just for a Christmas present." There are thousands of lean, selfish, foolish men, presiding over toy departments or Christmas trees, posing as Santa's helpers, or even Santa himself.

Here is an illusioned lad, fired with the wonder, the inspiration, the uplift of the season. He writes:

Oh, Christmas is the brightest time
Of all the bright, gay year.
It's tinsel
It's silver—
Oh, I'm glad the Yuletide's here!!!

and imagines himself the coming Milton of modern literature.

Lovers react to Christmas in amusing ways. The girl neglects everything for months wondering if he *will* give her anything. She reviews everything he has said to her the last year, and finally decides that of course he will give her a present. And then she begins to guess what it will be. In the mean time he is trying to decide whether he should kick her or go in debt for her present. If he does the former, he alternately feels like a cad and like a freed butterfly. If he chooses the latter as the course of least resistance, he spends the rest of his life regretting it.

There are hundreds of Christmas types. The old maid waxes eloquent with tender emotions of the spirit of Christmas, and refuses to give a single present. Of course she would dearly L-O-V-E to give to everybody in the whole world, but she just simply can't afford it. "And, you know my dear, if you once start there's no END."

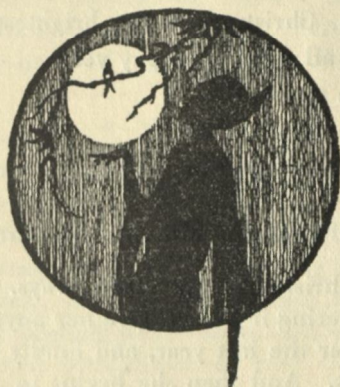
The late shopper hurries down and buys a pile of useless nothings, choosing by lot to whom they shall go. She vows to good Saint Nicholas that she will never, never leave her shopping again. She will make two (2) presents each month, and be ready next year. And Santa laughs, because he knows next December she will rush down on the 23rd and buy the same things she did this 23rd.

Collegiates hurry home to a round of festivities. Mothers thrill with the fun of filling stockings and cooking turkeys. Children blow horns, roll baby-dolls in carriages, skate, try out new bicycles. And others give presents with a sigh which says, "Well, I just simply *had* to!"

* * * * *

And so, year after year, Santa peeps in windows. He is a noble character-kind, understanding, and brave. But he lives at the North Pole, they say, and solitude is the best thing for nervous breakdowns. Why, it takes him only a year to recuperate!

Presence



*A tall lad walks with me
Under the moon tonight—
A dark-haired, dark-eyed lad.
His arm supporting me,
Backward I lean and laugh—
I hear him laugh with me,
Then laughter leaves his eyes—
Through the deep dark I see
The love in his eyes for me.
A tall lad walks with me
Under the moon.*

*None but I can see
A tall lad walks with me—
“Why is she lingering,
Out in the dark alone?”
Backward I lean and feel
His arm supporting me—
They do not hear him laugh,
They do not know I see
Through the deep dark the love
In his dark eyes for me—
A tall lad walks with me
Under the moon.*

Light

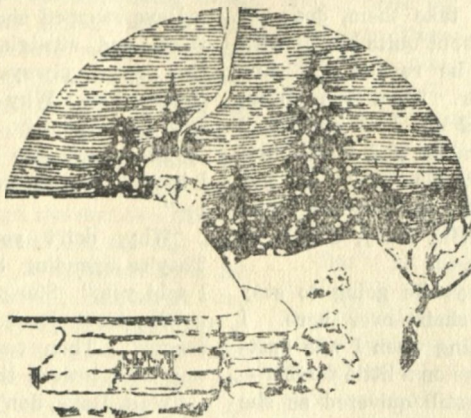
By ANNIE LOUISE PAGE



T WAS November once more, and the cool days descended rapidly upon the little town. Foliage once green had turned into all the hues of autumn—red, yellow, and gold. The trees were almost barren and stood stiffly among the prettier evergreens. Autumn was emphasized particularly throughout the plantation of the Gordons', where many miles lay in tall, yellow, waving grain. Acres of land were dotted here and there with haystacks. In other fields great rows of corn-stalks, waiting to be cut and put aside as fodder, stirred as the winds rustled through them.

Dave Gordon stood in the doorway of his home and breathed deeply of the cold, biting air. A faint smile flickered across his face as he opened the screen, and stepped carefully out onto the porch. Autumn had come and Dave knew it, for it was in the exhilarating and crisp air. The brisk wind struck him full in the face, and he pulled his heavy woolen sweater close about him. Dave was a handsome man despite the fact that his large colored glasses hid many of the fine features in his face. His hair, long, thick, and wavy, was combed neatly to the right side of his head, but it was not sufficient to hide the scar above his right eye. As he stood on the porch, his hands thrust deeply into his pockets, his young wife appeared in the doorway and watched him silently.

She was a small thing, slender, and white. Her house dress, of a delicate



shade of blue, was neat and plain. Her long hair was brushed from her forehead and was caught at the back of her neck. She leaned her head against the door-facing and nervously played with the duster in her hands. She drew a hand across her forehead, smearing a streak of dust

there. She looked longingly at her husband, at his strong physique, and at his smiling face half hidden by the heavy glasses. Her lips parted to speak, but she quickly closed them. Everything without was lovely—the trees, the grain, the clouds. Suddenly tears filled her eyes, and no longer controlling herself, she dropped the duster, burst through the door, and fled into the arms of her husband.

"Why, darling!" Dave held her closely, stroking her soft, dark hair. He put his hand beneath her chin and lifted her head. "Look up, dear, and tell me."

Mary's little body quivered as sobs escaped her lips. "I—I—" She clung to him more tightly. "Oh, Dave, it's Autumn now. You could tell last year, b-but now—"

"Why, Mary, I don't mind in the least, really I don't," her husband soothed her. "Aren't you just as happy now as you were last year, when I could see? Why since I was hurt," and Dave pointed to the scar above his right eye, "I've been home 'most all the time with you and the children, and—" But now, at the mention of his children, Dave's voice trailed away and seemed to catch.

"Dave, the fields are so pretty, and—"

and—" Mary hid her face in the large collar of his sweater. "The children will miss your not taking them tramping through the woods."

"Oh, I can still take them, dear. I can find my way about quite easily with my stick." And he rapped his cane gently on the floor. "Now run on in, Mary; it's too cold out here for you." He patted her shoulder and kissed her. "Now, smile, dear,—for me." He put his hands to her face to trace the smile with his fingers. But Mary, unable to bear it, drew away.

"Here, Dave, if you're going to stay out, here's your chair—over here. I moved it this morning when I was dusting the porch. Come on a little farther—now!" Her voice still quivered as she spoke. "Do you want anything before I leave you?"

"No, I think not. Quick! I smell something burning. Run on in and see about it." He laughed as he settled in his big rocker. "I'm getting along first rate. Don't you worry about me."

As soon as the door closed, an anxious look replaced the happy, carefree one of a few minutes before. Dave removed his glasses and dropped his head on his broad chest. He raised his hands to his eyes and sobbed—a long dry, choking sob which vibrated through his strong body. It was autumn again. He could feel it. But who cared about that? He wanted to see Mary and little Tommy, and Beth.

"Mary! Mary!" he called. He rapped his fingers nervously on the arm of the chair in which he was sitting. He beat time with his cane, and finally with both feet. Then he stood upright, tall and shaking. He called again, and getting no response he began feeling his way, slowly and carefully, to the door.

"Mary! Where are you?" He groped his way into the house and stumbled across the room, one hand outstretched and both feet moving with uncertainty and hesitancy.

"Here I am. Why, you didn't stay out

long, did you?" Mary was composed fully now, and she met him with her usual calmness and complacency. "Did you want something?"

Dave stopped short upon hearing her voice, and straightened himself taller. Her voice always soothed him and shamed him. Why did he ever give way with her around?

"Er—where are the children, Mary? I haven't see—heard them this morning. I—"

"Why, don't you remember, dear? They're spending the day at mother's. I told you." She patted his arm.

"Oh, yes." Dave breathed heavily. "I forgot." Then turning, he traced his way back toward the door.

"Wait, Dave, don't go out again. Come sit in the kitchen and talk to me while I get things on the table. Dinner's most ready, and we have custard—the kind you like."

"Oh, I don't—" but Dave checking himself again, refused to let his young wife see him give way to his feelings. He caught Mary's hand and followed her into the kitchen.

"The fire always seems so warm after being outside. I didn't realize it was so cold until I had come back in. Why, Christmas will be here before we know it." Here she stopped, for Dave's face had paled visibly. His eyebrows had drawn and the lines in his forehead had deepened. He swallowed again and again as if he would choke. He raised his chin higher and pitifully tried to smile. His face seemed a mask, it was so unlike his own. Mary said nothing, but watched him with eyes deep with love, concern, and anguish for him. Dave shuddered and raised himself from his chair. Every muscle was strained and tense. He shook violently.

"God!" he muttered, and snatching his heavy colored glasses from his eyes, he hurled them with all his force to the floor. The broken glass jingled and echoed back into his sensitive ears. He ground his heels on the spot where they

might have fallen and swerved around to his wife.

"Mary! Mary!" He was weak indeed, now, and all of his strength being spent, he cried aloud as one of the children might have done. His wife caught his curly head and held it down close to her. She said nothing, but she had been expecting this break. She had seen it coming for days and days. How had he ever controlled himself? Her mind quickly ran through the last two months. How well she remembered the day when he was brought in, unconscious from his fall. She had warned him about that horse. How terrifying was the sight of his swollen eye, and the gash, from which blood streamed down his face. And she could never forget the morning when he had called her frantically and whispered, "Mary, I—I can't see. I think I'm blind. I'm afraid."

She thought of the doctor and his great interest in Dave. She wondered why the fall had caused the tumor on his brain, and why he was blind from that. That was what the doctor had said. Oh, how had Dave ever stood it—blindness, always darkness, night, and despair? She closed her eyes and tried to imagine.

"I—I can't bear it, Mary. I can't be blind—I just can't! I don't want to be a burden to you all your life. And I will be as long as I am in this fix. I—I'm just a dead weight—really in your way. I can't look after the plantation. Grain needs attending to. I—I—"

"Dave, hush." Mary lightly placed her fingers across his lips. "I'm happy, and that's all that really counts—our happiness. Do you think I would be happy if I didn't have you, eyes or no eyes?"

"The children, Mary. I haven't forgotten them. What future is for them when the doctor has been draining my pockets all this time? Why, I'll never in this world be able to send them to school, and what chance have I to do any sort of work? Oh, God! why did I ever live?" Dave's voice, full of anguish, rose and fell with his emotions.

"Listen, Dave, the doctor told you that you had a chance—"

"Yes, the chance of a lifetime—where ninety cases out of a hundred fail."

"Listen, Dave—if you go off tomorrow feeling as you do now, of course you won't get well. But you can if you try to. Dr. Stewart said the operation wouldn't be so serious and as soon as the tumor is removed— Why, Dave, the operation won't take long, and you will be out before you know it."

"Don't be absurd, Mary." And then thoroughly ashamed of himself, he got up and put his arms around her. "Anyway, I wish the children would hurry on home," he went on. "I've never missed them as much as I have today. Next time mother wants them to spend the day with her, they just can't go. She'll have to come over here. Why, the idea, when I'm leaving tomorrow!"

"Yes, and that's exactly why I sent them off. I have too much to do getting you packed up. They can be such little rascals—into everything."

Dave Gordon was never more composed than he was the next morning as he stood in the little station waiting for the train to come, and take him to the sanitarium for his operation. Mary was there, and the doctor who was to accompany him.

"I wish I could go with you, Dave," Mary said softly, "but you won't need me when you have Dr. Stewart, and I'm afraid Tommy and Beth will."

"I always need you, Mary. —I—"

"Christmas is coming in just a few weeks, and of course we want this to be like last year's. You'll have to be here to get the children a tree." Mary brushed aside the tears which were forming in her eyes, and went on speaking as lightly and cheerfully as possible.

"God, Mary," he choked suddenly, "I'll do it if I die! For all my—"

"Train's due in two minutes, folks," the doctor called out to them. "Say your last 'says,' and let's get started."

I'll see about the luggage."

"Quick, Mary." Dave clutched her shoulders with hands of steel. "Tell me how every thing looks now. I—I may never—that is, I'd like to know so I can—" He dropped his hands and stared, unseeingly and blankly, with eyes of glass.

Mary went to the doorway of the station and looked out into the distance as far as her eyes could see. Everything was white and barren. Snow covered even the tiniest of the trees. It hung in great drifts about the station. Icicles stiffly clung to branches and brambles. No one was in sight, but throughout the newly fallen snow were tracks imprinted by Dave, Mary, and the doctor as they came to the little station.

"Dave, it's all snow."

"But our house? Can you see it from here?" Dave moved his head about as if trying to help her see it.

"Oh, yes. There it is. See it? How absurd— Of course you don't, but you will—you will!" Mary squeezed his hand encouragingly.

"The house," Dave insisted, "Tell me, hurry!"

"Oh, it's in view. I can see the black smoke curling out of the chimney. It's—I can see it well from this angle. It looks so cold. Why, there are Tommy and Beth at the window! Oh, the train! It's coming, Dave. I'll not worry, dear. Everything will be fine, I know. Here's Dr. Stewart. Good-bye." She clung to him for a minute and then let him go, waving to him as he got on the train. Dave could say nothing, but quietly followed the doctor to the train.

For weeks Dave lay suffering in the sanitarium. The tumor had been removed from his brain and it was almost time to take his head out of the cast and remove the bandages from his eyes. Every day Mary eagerly waited for the mail to bring her news—the good news that he could see. How she longed to go to her husband, be with him, and help him undergo the ordeal. If the children

were only larger she could leave them and spend Christmas with him. She could not imagine a Christmas without him, and she still hoped that through some miracle he might come home for that occasion.

But not until Christmas really came did Mary give up that hope. She awakened early that morning with a dull headache and a stupid feeling. She built a fire in the bedroom and then dressed, slowly and deliberately. Suddenly she jumped up and ran over to the fireplace. She had forgotten to fill the children's stockings. She jerked them down, carried them into the pantry, and crammed them with apples, oranges, nuts, and candies. Then she hurried to the closet and pulled out the hidden toys. There were not as many this Christmas, but perhaps the children would not notice. She hung the heavy stockings back on their respective hooks, and neatly piled the toys beneath them. There! She had finished. She breathed a sigh of relief as she looked at them. If only— But the children had pounced out of bed and were coming over to see their stockings.

"See what Santa's brought you?" She smiled feebly. The children clapped their chubby hands and grabbed at their stockings until they had pulled them down. Their tiny feet pattered on the floor as they jumped up and down with glee.

Mary did not have the heart to see them and she turned away. She passed her hand over her head and brushed her hair away from her forehead. She sighed wearily as she sank into a large chair, the one Dave liked so well. She leaned her head back and stared idly and dreamily into the bright fire as it hungrily licked the logs. Her temples throbbed, and her head ached more violently. She pressed her fingers to her eyes and held them there for a few minutes. Everything was dark, and black, and midnight. She heard the children laughing and chattering in the next room. The wind whistled down the chimney, and howled as it rounded the

corners of the house. The clock slowly and mechanically ticked on the mantle. The logs cracked as red flames danced over them and leapt wildly up the chimney. Mary could bear it no longer, and opening her eyes wide, looked frantically about her for an escape. She rose from her chair, stumbled over to the closet, and drew out a wrap. She pulled it on and wandered out on the porch.

It was snowing again, and everything was cold and bleak. High winds swept across the fields and drove the snow far up on the porch. Mary shivered. The flakes fluttered down readily. On an old fence nearby, the outline completely lost in the drift, several robins hopped about, pecking at crumbs and other objects in the snow. Red robins. Mary loved them. They used to mean that someone was coming. She choked, and threw herself toward the door. Someone called. Turning, she saw one of the neighbors making his way up the snow-white lane. He pushed along slowly and with difficulty since each foot sank deeply into the white mass. In a few places his heavy rubber boots were completely covered. His wool cap was pulled far over his eyes, and his coat collar turned up.

"Hullo," he cried. "Merry Christmas!"

Mary smiled faintly and asked him in. The man stepped up on the porch, removed his cap, and stamped his feet on the floor. He shook himself several times.

"Whew! Some snow we've got! And it is cold, too. I believe this is going to be the coldest winter we have ever had."

"Yes." Mary answered him listlessly. "Will you come in to the fire?"

"Well, I—" the man hesitated. "No, I guess I had better be on my way. I just brought you a telegram. I was passing the station and the agent asked me if I'd—"

"Oh, where is it? Give it to me. Hurry!"

The man plunged his hand into his overcoat pocket, and drawing out the message, thrust it into Mary's hands. He looked at her.

"Well, I'll go on now. Hope nothing's wrong." And he paddled off again in the snow.

Mary's hands shook as she eagerly tore the envelope of the telegram. She snatched out the message, unfolded it and read:

"Merry Christmas. Am feeling fine. Will see you soon. Really see you, dear."

Christmas in Legend

By CHRISTINE MOORE



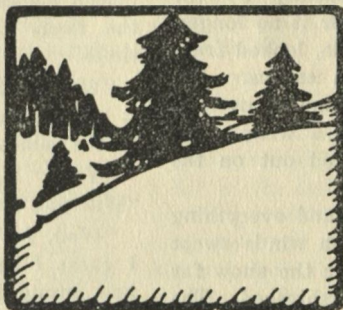
ANY and beautiful are the legends centered around the holidays of the year, but of all the festive seasons Christmas has become the most important to the world, and its literature, customs and observances are the richest.

From time immemorial the traditional Yule log has filled the fireplace on Christmas eve, lighted with the embers of its predecessor to sanctify the roof-tree and protect it against the evil spirits over whom the season is in every way a triumph. The merrymaking accompanied with drinking and roasted apples in the wassail bowl has symbolized the Christmas spirit.

The divine brilliance of the Christmas tree with its numerous gifts shines down the path of the coming year. St. Nicholas fills the stockings hung so carefully and hopefully on the eve of Christ's birth. Mellow Christmas carols are sung by the minstrels, as of old, in the snowy streets from door to door, while masquerades and mirthful Christmas games are played. The Yule season embodies mistletoe with uncertain protection for maids who pass beneath its branches.

Even the Christmas dinner has a deeper significance, though the meaning is clearer to the palate than to the brain. The mince pie, the turkey, the plum pudding, the ambrosia used on the occasion are supposed to commemorate some special import.

Traditions claim that on the holy night a strange and unnatural calm fell upon Bethlehem of Judea; the voices of the birds were hushed, water ceased to flow and the wind was stilled. But when the child Jesus was born a new life burst from the all of nature. To animals came the gift of human speech, the cattle knelt



in adoration of the child Savior in the manger. Shepherds abiding in the fields with their flocks, keeping watch over them by night, heard the angels praising God, and kings of the Orient watching afar for the long awaited signal saw the heaven ablaze on that night. In far off Rome

there sprang up a fountain which "ran largely" and an ancient prophetess heard the angel song and saw in vision the wonder of the night.

There are many legends of the nativity and of the marvels wrought by the boy, Christ. The bees are said to have sung in his praise; the palm trees bent down their branches so that their fruit would refresh the weary travelers fleeing from Herod's wrath. Many of the stories are quaint fancies, perhaps, but with, in most instances, some truth attached.

One author relates the legend that every Christmas the little Christ Child wanders through the streets of the world burdened with a bundle of evergreen boughs on his shoulder. Over every hill, into every valley, to the richest castle and the poorest hovel, through cold and storm and sleet and ice, he wanders to be welcomed or rejected at the doorways where he asks aid. In the windows of those who would welcome him there is placed a lighted candle to guide him hither. Hospitality shown during this season to beggars is thus considered help given to the Christ.

This legend and many others embody the true Christmas spirit. All sprang up by the wayside and became a part of the middle ages, having a distinct charm and interest for us today. A wholesome and joyous current of religious feeling flows throughout the entire season to temper its extravagance and regulate its mirth.

Her Right Hand

By ELIZABETH FORT



IT WAS late Christmas Eve afternoon. The rain had slackened from a downpour to a slow drizzle. Carl got out his handkerchief, wiped the windshield of the truck, and slowed the motor down as much as he could. The street lights were just beginning to come on, and the wet windshield reflected them in a way which almost blinded him. He felt awfully heroic, somehow, out driving a truck in the cold rain, when his father was Mr. Thomas A. Crawford, one of the town's foremost citizens, and owner of its largest department store. Then, too, Carl was somebody himself, at home and at school. To think that he was out delivering packages, especially in this part of town, on Christmas Eve! There were not many boys his age who would do a thing like this. No, sir!

He was still engaged in this self-congratulatory thought when he was startled by a girl darting suddenly from a house out into the street directly in front of him. He put on the brakes with all the strength he could muster, and swerved the car away from the direction in which she had started. The truck came to a stop, just as it hit the girl, knocking her to the ground.

"I hope she's not hurt," thought Carl wildly, as he jumped out of the truck. "I can't stand to mess around hurt people—specially the people in this mill district."

As he reached the girl she was trying to scramble to her feet. He helped her up. "Are you hurt?" he asked awkwardly.

"I don't know," she answered. "I'll have to go in and see. I think my hand is cut," she added as she saw a little trickle of blood running down her fingers.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"In here," she said, indicating one of

the houses similar to all the others on the block.

"I don't see how you can tell any of these houses apart," thought Carl, looking at the long row of nondescript house-fronts.

They went in. After quite a long search she found a lamp, lit it, and began bathing the hurt hand. Three wide-eyed children were standing around trying to catch the significance of the performance. Another was so intent on a toy which she was trying to pull out of a Christmas basket that she seemed totally unconscious of the proceedings.

Carl, not knowing what to do or say to this uncommunicative girl, and feeling entirely unnecessary, turned and went out of the room to the porch. He called across to one of the neighbors.

"Where does the lady who lives here work?"

"Up to Mrs. Gilbert's on Hillcrest Avenue," was the reply.

Seeing that the woman next door was as little help as any one could very well be, he went into the house once more.

"Do you want to go up to Mrs. Gilbert's or stay here?" he asked, making a last attempt at getting information.

"To Mrs. Gilbert's, please," the girl answered, looking at him for the first time. She was wet and muddy from her fall in the street, and had stained her face with her cut hand, but he saw that she was pretty, and much better looking than her surroundings would warrant.

"Are you sure you feel like going now? If you do, I can take you there," he offered. There! He was being a martyr again. First, he gave up an afternoon to deliver packages, and then he had to go clear across town on this bad night to take a girl whom he had never seen before to work.

"Well, if you don't mind," she said,

rather timidly.

She was a right good kid, Carl decided, as he helped her get into the truck.

"The Gilberts are the new family just moved to town, aren't they?" he asked, endeavoring to make conversation. "I don't know them, but I'm going there tonight to some kind of a party. Some of the boys asked me to go up there and meet the Gilbert girl. She's just come home from school, hasn't she? See, I don't really drive this truck all the time. Dad was just short of delivery boys this afternoon, and I was helping him out." He wondered if she were properly impressed.

Then he went on, "It's a shame for you to have to go up there tonight. I bet you're all shaken up from your fall, and I know your hand hurts. Cuts like that surely can hurt. You'll have to go up there and stay real late, just so that girl can fly high and impress all the boys in town with how cute she is. That's all wrong. I'm not going to like her; I know it already," he finished.

"I didn't think you drove a truck all the time," said the girl. As Carl did not catch the full significance of this

statement, he felt flattered.

They finished the ride in silence, and after Carl told her goodbye, saying that he hoped he would catch a glimpse of her that night, he drove off.

Three hours later he stopped in front of the Gilbert house again, this time accompanied by two boys and two girls of the college set of the town. "Suppose that girl should speak to me," he thought. "That's what I get for trying to be nice to her."

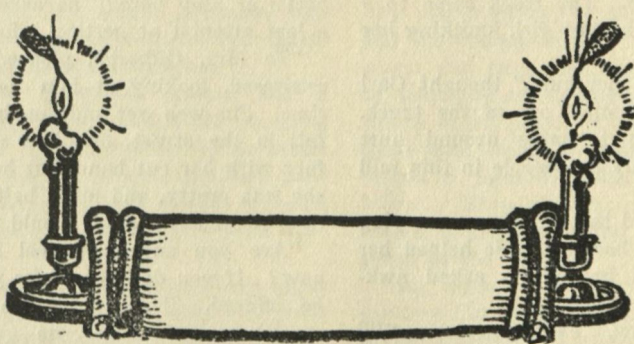
The crowd went into the house and were met at the door by a maid, not the one, however, that Carl had expected to see. As she took them into the room with several other boys and girls, Carl immediately recognized among them, the girl whom he had hit that afternoon.

"You?" he gasped.

She laughed aloud.

"Miss Gilbert, may I present Mr. Crawford?" said one of the boys.

"How do you do, Mr. Crawford?" she asked, extending her left hand. "Pardon the left hand, but I hurt the right one in a slight accident this afternoon when I went to take a Christmas basket to the children of a servant."



Christmas Is Not Tinsel-Deep

By HELEN KILPATRICK



CHRISTMAS CHEER,—what entrancing connotations these words possess—the yule log—jolly company—gay holly wreaths—happy children—mistletoe—laughing youth—contented age—candle-lit windows—sleigh-bells—song—softly falling snow—cold, crisp air—distant, brilliant stars. Christmas is the day of days, the time of happiness and buoyant gaiety. Yet behind the joyousness, to me, there seems a touch of sadness—it seems that tears are lurking in the depths of luminous laughing eyes, that sobbs are trembling on the gay lips.

I do not know why I should be so affected. In fact I am almost afraid to admit that I have wandered thus from the trodden path of tradition. Yet, ever since the days when I ceased to believe in the good old saint of northland and reindeer fame—in other words since I was able to think and feel with any degree of co-ordination—Christmas, with all of its tinsel, lights, and laughter, for me, has seemed to tremble with pathos.

When I was not so very old, as family and friends gathered around the tinsel, shining Christmas tree laden with red and green packages, when the fun was at its height and merriment was rife, I would often feel, to my dismay, a great desire to run away from all the laughter and gaiety and cry, because it all seemed so sad.

Such an emotion may be explained on this theory—I do not know. As there is supposed to be but a narrow line between an insane person and a genius, so there may be an equally narrow line of division between joy and sorrow. And thus, when we are too happy, the flood-gates of our joy break and a little sadness steals in.

Have you not noticed that, as children dance, barefooted, before their bulging stockings on Christmas mornings, clasp-

ing with supreme happiness, the long desired doll or "lectric train" in their chubby hands, they sometimes stop still of a sudden, their shining eyes darken, their happy chatter ceases, and they stand, for a moment as if frightened, quietly gazing around them with an eager questioning look?

This may be explained by the same theory—or it may mean nothing at all.

Christmas day is sad, also; because then contrasts are so vivid, so finely, piercingly outlined. Happiness seems so much dearer, sorrow so much sadder; plenty so luxuriant, poverty so threadbare; love so beautiful, loneliness so pathetic.

Dusk on Christmas Eve in a busy shopping district is entrancing. The show windows are glowing amber squares enclosing fairyland. On the street, in the turquoise haze of twilight, is a constant stream of hurrying, bundle-laden shoppers. A bustling cheer, joy and goodwill seem to radiate from the very lamp-posts and cement walks. Yet before you have lingered long in this happy throng, you will see pathos threading in and out among it as a sombre black thread is woven throughout a vividly colored Oriental tapestry.

The ceaseless tinkle of the Salvation Army bells sounding from every corner seems to cry, "You are happy, others are sad. Others are cold and hungry. Help them! Help them!"

Here a threadbare man with a tired face hesitates before a shining window filled with toys. He gazes at the display for a moment with wistful eyes; then, with a weary, hurt expression, ducks his head, stuffs his hands deep into his pockets and continues on his way.

There, in front of a window containing a jolly Santa Claus with the legendary reindeers and bulging bag of toys, is a pathetic little group. A stooped woman,

grasping the chubby dirty fist of a small boy, leans dejectedly against the window. Her burning hurt eyes flit from the tempting display of toys to her covetous brood. The children, ragged and dirty, press their pinched faces close to the window leaving moist rings from the imprint of their warm young lips. Their eyes are wide and dark with fascination and longing.

The eternal story of want and frustration is always the saddest at this time of joy and plenty.

Then the very beauty of Christmas causes a great aching void of sadness within me. The beauty of candle-lit windows, a wintry star-spiked sky, a crescent moon, the carols sounding

clarion-like in the still, cool air—the sublime beauty of the Christmas story, the star, the Christ child in the manger, the shepherds and the wise men—the beauty of these is like exquisite pain.

There is a sadness in the thought of a sin-weary, sorrow-filled world wrapped, on a clear, sparkling Christmas night, in a hushed expectancy—awaiting, it knows not what—a world for one night and one day naively jubilant over a precious gift bestowed two thousand years ago—a gift which it strives to possess three hundred and sixty-four days a year—a gift it thinks it grasps for one—this gift of "peace on earth and good-will toward men."



LAVENDER

Success

By CLIFFORD WILKINSON

*Her dress is a faded green,
While her hat is a weatherbeaten blue,—
And they say she was an artist—
How can her face be so serene?
She who worshipped glorious colors—
How can she endure to go plodding along
In those faded, weatherbeaten colors?
Have her dreams all faded
Or merely changed into disillusioned realities?
And does fame mean nothing to her?
Maybe her heart is already broken,
And these little things mean nothing—
Maybe her soul is like the old faded colors
With all the life gone out of it, too.*

My Castle

By FRANCES ZACHRY

I live in a castle that's 'way up high
Above the cries of those passing by;
Down I can look on the tops o' the trees,
As softly they sway to and fro in the
breeze.

I can see towers and battlements, too,
Lofty, dark figures against the sky's blue,
And when the sun's radiance fades in the
West,

'Tis then that I love my high windows
the best.

For everything then is outlined with
bright gold,
And from my high casement I lean and
behold

The scene ever-changing, far-reaching
and fair,
And dreaming look down from my house
in the air.

Threshold

You cross my threshold.
Straightway one world dies,—
A dim creation, meaningless and void.
And here within my threshold.
Another—heaven—lies.

Christmas Sounds

By MARY FISKE

Bells—
Tinkling silver bells,
Clanging iron bells,
Shouts of children,
Noisy crowds, shuffling and stamping,
Shrill cries, blaring horns,
Then—
Quiet, stillness,—
Faintly, coming nearer and nearer,
A group of carol-singers—
"Silent night, holy night."

Moonlight, from the Library Steps

By ELEANOR McMICHAEL

As I stand on the crest
Of the white, curving stairs,
Caressed by the moon's radiant light,
I see that the world is
Transformed by soft splendor,
For magical now is the night.
A round smiling moon
Gives the brightness of noon,
Yet the sweet starlit magic of night.

Nearby I now find
An ancient Greek temple,—
For tall marble columns I see,
White—pure through the darkness
And guarding the gay lights,
Which happy and loving must be,
For each small golden glow
Crowds so close that I know
It is friendly and wants company.

There is over yonder
An old English stable,
With quaint weathercock pointing high
At a bright laughing star
Amused at the fairies,
Who dance far up there in the sky,
On the moon's radiant beams;
So giddy each seems,
As their dancing says midnight is nigh.

While silver-arched heaven
Fades away into mist
Where the dimly seem, tired forest sleeps,
In quietness and comfort
'Tis free from all danger
As slumber o'er every bough creeps.
Just a slight sighing breeze
Sways the tops of the trees,
For magic the world dreaming keeps.

East Wind

Come from the east, O wind of my
desire,—
Come from the east, where my loved
ocean lies;
With a touch of sea-breath set my blood
afire,—
Blow the coolness of the sea against my
aching eyes.

Come from the east, O shining cloud-
ships, come!
I can see your tall white sails leaning
far to lee.
I can see your golden prows drip with
sun-dyed foam,—
And my soul forgets the fields, and
drifts with you to sea.

Sweet Sixteen Out Walking

By ELIZABETH D. MANGET

Star bright—star light
First star I've se—
Oh—
I wonder if you ever tell the
Secrets that you hold
I wish I may, I wish I—
Please don't tell mine, little star,
Because—
I want just you and me to know.
Have—have the wish I wish tonight.
Now listen very carefully, dear star!
I wish—

Dashes---The Exclamation Points of Life

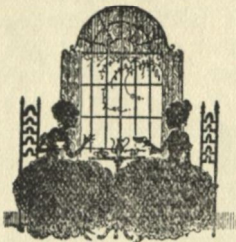
By MARY FISKE



SEE already a perplexed frown on the brow of the student of rhetoric who reads the somewhat contradictory title of this article. Accordingly, I hasten to explain. Have you ever noticed how a few exclamatory sentences can brighten up an otherwise colorless paragraph? There's something intriguing about an exclamation point, chiefly because it usually ends somewhat out-of-the-ordinary statement. To me, life would be a succession of simple, period-ending sentences without the saving grace of the last minute dashes—the exclamation-points of life. Think of living an existence so orderly, so precise, so scientific as to leave nothing to be done frantically and hurriedly. I shudder to think of it!

College life is plentifully interspersed with these dashes, that may not be so dear to a school-girl's heart as they are present in a school-girl's life. A cynic might say that the dashes are interspersed with periods of rest but—we'll not turn cynic! Dashes to the post-office, dashes to classes, dashes to chapel, dashes to town, dashes to meals—all these and more are a part of our daily program. I would not have it otherwise; to me, it is one of the chief charms of college life.

Christmas holidays are, undoubtedly, the most dashing times of all. We leave college frantically, trailing suitcases, victrolas, and hat-boxes behind us, and



set out to visit the family. Arriving here, breathless and excited, we no sooner get our bulging hat-box unpacked than the 'phone rings and—we're off.

Between visits to relatives and friends, and the innumerable parties that are particularly in evidence at Christmas, there's Christmas shopping to be done. Several mad trips to town ensue, and using the combined tactics of the football player and the toe-dancer, we at last have each package tied up neatly and securely and are just breathing a sigh of relief when we remember that we have completely forgotten Cousin Sue's second child. We grab a hat, snatch up a purse, and in a few minutes are again at the scene of battle, commonly known as the toy-counter. Flushed and triumphant, we are about to leave the store with a lovely little doll that has especially caught our fancy when the realization comes that Cousin Sue's little Bill, the deadly terror of an otherwise respectable community, would perhaps not be so interested in our treasure as we are.

To me, the old Vikings stand out as the most dashing figures in all literature. Imagine the incongruity of a Viking turning efficiency expert! Of course, there is a large space in the world for all that is scientific, smooth-running, and well-ordered. The value of this, however, is apparent to all; my plea is for the frantic, hurried things,—for dashes, the exclamation points of life.

Who Gives the Groom Away?

By SARAH ERWIN



H, HANG it all! Why don't they hurry up!

They act as if we had all night. It does look as if they could be ready just this once. When I've got to do anything, I want to go ahead and do it!"

"Why, son, that sounds as is you are anxious to get married just to be through with it. I can tell you now that if that is the case you have chosen the wrong solution for your troubles." Mr. Roland, a tall, elderly gentleman, stood in the reception room of his spacious home and gazed with a teasing smile at his impatient young son. Straight and handsome in his immaculate tux, Dick moved restlessly about the hall with that youthfulness that made his mother persist in the embarrassing habit of calling him "My boy," even when Ellen's father was present.

"If you do not slow up, Dick, you will not be able to stand still while the minister is conducting the ceremony. You had better sit down awhile."

With an exasperated air Dick sank into a chair against the stairs—and then he arose with a groan. For the fifth time that evening he had sat upon his silk hat. Fortunately it was the giving kind and had quietly receded beneath the pressure. With a growl Dick snatched it up and thrust it out at arm's length for his father's inspection. "Look! I just ask you to look! Flat as a flitter. I'm getting tired of pumping the thing up! If Mother doesn't come on—" Dick stopped for want of a worthy threat and glowered about the hall, his eyes dark and full of emotion. Spying the telephone he announced, "I'm going to call Ellen and tell her we'll be there



sometime tonight."

"Dick! Dick! Don't you touch that telephone!" Mrs. Roland, a small, gray-haired little woman, rushed out of her room upstairs and leaned over the banisters. "You'll worry the life out of that child. She's trying to get dressed. Why, you've called her

a dozen times since noon. I don't know what's the matter with you. It is certainly a good thing you get married only once! I couldn't stand it another time."

Mr. Roland's hearty laughter made Dick blush. With an injured air he picked up his hat and gloves and started for the door. "All right, then! But she said just thirty minutes ago that she liked for me to call her, and if I can't do it I'm going on. There's no sense in fooling around here. I'd rather walk anyway. I'll see you all at the church."

Once outside in the cold dusk of the June afternoon Dick grew calmer. He walked slowly along the shady sidewalk close to Mrs. Pricket's white fence, covered with honeysuckle, and thought over again things that Ellen had said and things that he would say to her later. In this pensive mood he strolled into the church and wandered about the beautiful altar, touching a blossom here and there. He stepped into the pulpit to brush a speck of dust from the spot where Ellen would kneel. As he shook out his handkerchief the wedding ring went clattering over the floor toward the left side of the pulpit. Dick sprang after it. Jumping down a step onto the platform which covered the baptismal pool he struck his heel sharply against the spring controlling the trap door—and Dick received a ducking which completely drowned his pleasant meditations. He

came to the surface under his hat which had closed for the sixth time. Gingerly he rescued the hat and gloves, threw them out on the platform, and then began to look the ring. It rested on the bottom of the pool, tempting and aggravating. After the first surface dive, Dick realized that it was much easier to go to the bottom in his heavy shoes than it was to rise again. He had to climb out and tug at his wet shoes to get them off. Then he quickly dived in, recovered the ring, and struggled out again. What would he do? He felt sick and desperate. Shaking the water out of his wrist-watch he saw that he had a little over an hour to dress again. Thoughtless of the beautiful decorations he dashed through the church, flinging water far and wide. Outside it was still light enough for him to be recognized, and so he cut across the parson's lawn and sped down the alley, squirting water from his shoes at every step.

"Mother! Mother! Come quick and bring my bathrobe, will you please? Hurry!" Wet and miserable, Dick stood on the back porch and called. His mother came running.

"Dick! Where on earth have you been? What has happened to you?"

Quickly Dick explained his dilemma to Mrs. Roland while he pulled off his wet clothing. "Mother, call up Mrs. Stevens and ask her to let me borrow Rand's tux. It just fits me. Tell her to send it over by Turnipseed right now!"

Dick ran through the house to his room where he feverishly got out dry underclothes and struggled into them. Then he opened the door and called, "Mother, hasn't that suit come yet?"

"No, Dick, Mrs. Stevens says Rand took it to Florida with him, and of course he did. I never thought of that."

White and alarmed Dick sank back on his bed. "Mother! What am I going to do? I can't go like this!"

"I know, dear. But don't be disturbed over it. You can wear your father's old tux."

"What! That old relic?" (Dick sprang to his feet.) Not on your life! I just won't get married if I have to wear that thing," he declared strolling disdainfully about the room in his B. V. D's.

"But Dick I have called everywhere your father and I could think of, and there just isn't another dress-suit in town. You'll have to wear your father's." But in spite of this obvious fact, it took Mrs. Roland twenty minutes to persuade Dick to put on the suit. And then he did so with great indignation.

"Why just look at the pants. They're a mile too long. I've got to walk, haven't I? Oh, well, maybe you can 'catch them up', but you won't be the only one catching up these pants. They just won't stay on me. Well, pin them on then. I'm already as full of pins as a pin-cushion. Look! just look, would you, at the shoulders in this coat. They must have been made for a bull! Aw! I'm not even talking about Dad. I'm just trying to give you some idea of the size of the thing."

"Sh—sh, Dick. Father is calling to know what we are doing."

"To know what we're doing!" screamed Dick. "Tell him—tell him we're dancing the minuett! What does he think we are doing!"

"Hush and be still, Dick, while I take a tuck in this side here."

With the sigh of a martyr Dick allowed his mother to take the finishing stitches.

When they reached the church a few minutes later they found that the wedding party had been waiting half an hour. Mr. McCarty, Ellen's father, was watching from the steps. "We were beginning to think we were to witness something new. I have often heard of a bride eloping on the eve of her wedding, and, although I have never heard of a groom playing that role, this looked like a complete disappearance on Dick's part. But Ellen over here hasn't been the least bit disturbed—just as calm and cool as a summer's breeze. Dick must be a very reliable young man for her to be so sure

of him." Mr. McCarty smoothed the awkward situation over with this statement, although he knew that Ellen would have loved Dick just as much if he had been the second Thief of Bagdad—and probably more. *

Every one rushed into place as the music began. Dick marched down the aisle with stiff, short steps like a wooden soldier. He felt that he would be safe if he could only reach the altar without his suit falling off, but once there he worried as to whether or not he could slip the ring on Ellen's slender finger soon enough. He really should have practiced it more. When the minister held out the ring to him he took it half-fearfully and turned toward Ellen, holding out his hand—and right in the center of his upturned palm fell a drop of white-hot tallow from a candle in the over-hanging wedding bell. Hoarsely, Dick cleared his throat and jammed the ring on Ellen's finger. From that burning spot in his palm the heat seemed to rush over his whole body. The moment the music began he caught Ellen's arm and propelled her quickly down the aisle. In his haste his elbow brushed the handle of a tall basket and it toppled over

Ellen's train, blocking the aisle behind them.

"Run!" whispered Dick frantically, and together they fled out of the church and through the storm of rice to his roadster. Dick sped down the main thoroughfare, whipped into a side street, and doubling back, brought the car to a stop in the driveway back of the McCarty home.

"Phew! Didn't I play the mischief though? I never have been in such a pickle before. Luck just left me flat right after the last time I called you. I dropped the ring in the church and fell into the baptismal pool trying to catch it. Then I could not find another dress suit in town, and so I had to wear Dad's old one. And oh—what happened after that!"

Ellen's delighted little laugh filled the car. "And that just goes to prove, as Dad said, that the bride's father gives the bride away, but the groom can be depended on to give himself away if given enough time!"

Gentle he caught the laughing Ellen to him and whispered, his lips against her cheek, "Yes, but just look what I got for the giving!"

Christmas

By MARY FISKE

Stillness,
Clearness,
Coldness,
A sky bursting with stars,
An earth pale and hushed,
A moon lending its gold,
Beauty,
Wonder,
Christmas.

Christmas Pleasures

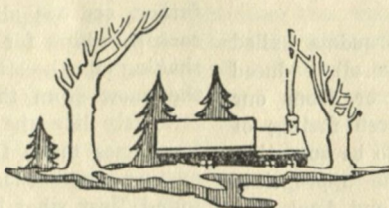
By SARAH ERWIN



IT HAS always been a custom recognized by all the children and grandchildren in our family to spend Christmas on the old homeplace. Grandma sent word to her children a month before Christmas, but we had already been thinking of the time for two months, and no one ever thought of making any other arrangements. Nor did any one want to. I am sure it would have been a bitter disappointment to me or any other of the grandchildren to miss this reunion.

Most of our close relatives are in Georgia and the Carolinas and so it never took any of us longer than three days to reach the old homeplace. Every one, especially the men, tried to arrive in time for the o'possum hunt the night before Christmas. All the grandchildren wanted to go, but there were so many of us that only the four oldest boys were usually taken. However, when I was about eleven years old, two of my uncles and their children failed to arrive on time, and so there were fewer in the hunting party that night. Consequently, after much persuasion on my part and on the part of my brother, who secretly expected to enjoy an exhibition of my fear in the dark, Father agreed to let me go with the party for the first few hours.

We started out through the pecan grove and came out into the big pasture where all the cattle had been gathered from the three pastures so that the children, who had interests in the homeplace, could look them over. As we passed along the north side, the moon came out and shone cold and glassy over the flat, glossy backs of the herd. I held tight to Father's hand and wished earnestly that I were small enough to ask to be



carried. Adding to my uneasiness, dark gray clouds advanced from the northwest and, running before the glistening light, flickered dark shadows over the cattle, which were restless because

of the crowded condition in the new quarters. I was very thankful when we reached the scattered woods beyond the pasture.

However, it then seemed to me that we huddled for hours over a small fire choked with damp grass and leaves on the edge of a cotton patch and listened to the melancholy howl of the dog, Lead, far off in the woods in front of us. In the edges of their shadows Uncle Ed raised his hunting horn time and again to call in the dog and send him out in another direction. We did not know where to send him now. His wanderings had all been in vain so far. But the night was too early for us to become discouraged, and so munching bright red yates, we contemplated a new route. Then, suddenly, off to the northeast corner of the sage field came Lead's joyous yelp, followed by a series of traveling howls and barks as the dog ran with his nose to the trail and then raised his head to call to us through the night air. We ran the length of the cotton row and plunged into the sagebrush, struggling in a wavering line after Lead.

Father and I ran as fast as we strung around a group of old oaks overhung with gnarled scuppernong vines, one of the boys was swinging down the vines with a firm grip on a fat possum "playing dead." I was eager to call off farther wanderings and return home with the prize. So Father let Julian, who had caught the possum, carry me back to the house, where popcorn balls, nuts, roasted

apples, and Aunt Lou's stories of the long ago awaited us. Nestled beside the big glowing fireplace I wondered that I grew sleepy at all when these pleasures came only once a year.

Just before bedtime Grandma called for our stockings which we all produced from behind our backs or from our pockets where we had been feeling of them from time to time to be sure that they were ready for the appropriate minute. Then Aunt Lou and Aunt Mae hung them up around the high mantelpiece. Little Pat insisted that they were too close together. He feared Santa Claus could not get an "orange" big enough for him in his stocking when they were so crowded. Each of us handed our aunts some little token to place on the mantle top in front of his stocking for Santa Claus. I was very surprised when my brother, Bryan, gave Aunt Polly his big blue marble and told her to prop it against the candle-stick so that it would not roll off before Santa found it. Christmas glee ran high as we pulled the big tree out of the corner and put another string of popcorn and cranberries over it. At last we reluctantly quieted down while Grandfather led prayer.

Then Mother took a lamp and went upstairs with us children. The cool keen wind blowing through the upstairs rooms made us race to undress and climb into the feather beds, so deep with soft down that Mother had to dig us out on Christmas morning. I had bribed Mother to awaken me first, and so the minute she touched my pillow the next morning I sprang out of bed and flew across the attic to shake Mary and Melissa. "Get up! Santa Claus has been here!" As if I had touched a magic spring doors flew open, and pajamaed figures appeared in the upstairs hallway, dashed toward the stairs, and slid. Lamar tripped on the first landing, and Ruth fell on the second. We never did all get down without a few bumps and bruises, but we never let even the worst of them retard our rush for the front room. We pushed

through the door, four at a time, and then stood spellbound before a beautiful white tree loaded down with fascinating things. "Merry Christmas!" cried Grandfather, and we all rushed at the tree, each snatching for his own treasure and shaking into the others' eyes and mouths the snow from the tree, which tasted strangely like the flour-paste Grandma sometimes made for us when we were pasting scrapbooks. After every one had found "just what he wanted" we pulled our stocking from the mantelpiece and sat down to count our apples, oranges, nuts, and raisins. Charles, very proud over a note he had found in the top of his stocking, read to us:

"Dear Charles,

I found your note telling me that I could hitch my reindeer at the new hitching-post with the horse's head on it. I am very glad to find that you are such a thoughtful boy. Keep on being good, and I will come back to see you again next Christmas.

Love,

Santa Claus."

"Breakfast!" came from the dining-room, and we ran to show Grandma our gifts.

From breakfast until dinner that night we children revisited the favorite haunts of the preceding years, and discovered new ones. We went first to the spring-house where the water from a mountain spring poured out of an old elm like a fountain and to the old mill with silver icicles hanging from the porch over the mill-pond. For hours we watched the cold Salacoa wandering slowly through the frozen valley between soft banks covered with heavily laden bushes and overhung with tall trees. Even the bare old orchard charmed us in its winter costume. At sunset its snowy carpet held blue-lilac shadows, a complement to the golden sunlight. Orange lights reflected pure blue shadows, and the last red rays of the setting sun threw shadows almost green across the orchard. There was only one thing that could bring us out quickly, and that was the dinner bell.

Grandma, true to all we expected of her, prepared feasts fit for kings. The dining-room table had to be extended into the kitchen to hold it all, but we always diminished the spread so that what was left looked rather lonely even on the side table. This meant that we should have fresh country ham for breakfast the next morning.

The negroes always expected to play for us after dinner. They enjoyed it as much as we did. The whole company would turn out and march from the quarters down to the front lawn. There while Andrew, Charlie, and Uncle Henry picked their banjos, they would whirl their flaming torches and sing such ditties as—

"Oh, wisht I was a monkey
A monkey in a zoo,
For I neber see a monkey
A monkey feelin' blue!"

Then they would build a big bonfire and extinguish all the torches except two in the posts at the end of the driveway. In this dim light the darkies could reach our very souls with their Christmas carols and melodies.

All these are pleasures which I shall never forget, but the greatest pleasure was Grandfather's reminiscences of the Civil War. Last Christmas Aunt Lou asked him to tell of his escape from the Yankees. So he began that old story, mellowed by repetition, of the way in which he had outwitted the Northerners.

One evening just before twilight he had ridden up on Magnolia Bluff behind his house and found the whole valley around his home dotted with the camp fires of the enemy. He hastily turned his horse down the trickling Salacoa's gorge and approached his premises on the left side. As he neared the house he saw a door open and beheld Grandma's figures silhouetted against the dull light from within. An officer stepped into the path and, after bowing, engaged Grandma in conversation. Grandfather could not hear what they were saying and was somewhat puzzled as to the Yankee's mission until he saw several dark forms moving in the lengthening shadows behind the

smokehouse. Then he knew that the commander was holding Grandma's attention while his men robbed the smokehouse. He did not know that Grandma, guessing this would happen, had hidden the meat within the walls of the house, and so he fired a shot at the smokehouse, turned and spurred his horse up the Catawampus Trail to his small camp of Home Guards. His men had heard the shot and were in readiness. He led them out upon the old Tennessee road just above the old homeplace. The Yankee general heard them and sprang into pursuit. "Come on, men!" he called. "Let's work up an appetite before supper!"

As Grandfather neared the top of the next hill, the commander noticed the perfect traveling of his fleet horse. "Save the horse, but get the man!" he ordered.

Grandfather leaped over the hilltop, halted, and called, "Form a line!"

The Yankees immediately stopped. "We've run into his reinforcements," said their leader. "Form here and wipe them off as fast as they show their heads," he ordered.

So they waited, and Grandfather rode back and forth across the way and brandished his sword until his little band had filed out into the woods and formed a line just behind the unsuspecting enemy.

"Charge!" he commanded and leaped from the road. The enemy fired. And a moment later they sprang after their shot and, with the graycoats hot on their backs, charged up the Tennessee road. Grandfather's men followed them on through the little town of Ranger, and by that time the Yankees were fleeing from each other.

"So," Grandfather concluded, "the Home Guards came back with me, and Jennie cooked for us a dinner even better than the one we had tonight."

And all we children wished that we had belonged to the Home Guards, too, if for no other reason than to see if there really could be a dinner better than the one Grandma had cooked that

BOOKSHELF

Etched in Moonlight

By WINNIFRED JONES

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT" is a collection of seven sketches by that vivid portrayer of life, James Stephens, who paints his characters in such sweeping, realistic strokes that each of them stands out, a clear-cut, life-like silhouette against a background of forceful description.

Most of the characters are sketched in the enchantingly-colorful bright blues and soft yellows of the every-day lives of ordinary people, but the author dips his brush a few times into the drab gray of poverty, mixes it with the glaring red of starvation and liquor-gluttony, and produces a picture that is realistic and tragic, but intensely-interesting. He does not burden one with the names of the characters, for he has the skill to make them instantly known and understood without the formality of an introduction. He says, through one of his characters, "I don't remember the names of the people I was in contact with; nor do I recollect addressing anybody by name. I was too familiar with them to require such explanatory symbols." And his characters need no names. We know them too well.

Perhaps the most interesting sketch is the one from which the book takes its name, "Etched in Moonlight." It is the dream-story of a buried memory. "A memory may die in the mind as peacefully as an old man dies in his bed; and it will rest there tranquilly, and moulder into true forgetfulness, as the other debris moulders into dust. But a memory



cannot be buried alive; for in this stage of arrested being, where it can neither grow old nor die, it takes on a perpetual unused youth, and lies at the base of one's nature as an unheard process; calling to the nerves instead of to the brain, and strumming on these with an obstinate patience and an unending fertility of resource . . . A buried thought like a buried body will rot; and it will spread a pestilence through the moral being that is its grave." And the buried memory, ever more poignant and new than at its creation, finally sweeps the grave empty in a startling climax.

Another interesting sketch is "Hunger." The mother cringes helplessly before starvation. The baby with its tiny, crooked body sits in the little chair where it always stays, and the two ragged children beg pitifully on the street. If some passing stranger gives one of them a penny, he shrieks like a famished crow to warn his brother that he has found booty, and together they trot home with the penny. "The sun shone on the day they got a penny; on the days when they got nothing the sun might bubble the tar and split the bricks, but it did not shine."

The whole book abounds with human anxieties, desires, aspirations, and failures. The author sweeps ordinary characters, every-day incidents into his picture, gives them an unusual and tragic twist, and sets before us life—life in a very compact and interesting form.

Black April

By HELEN LOWE

"Black April" by Julia Peterkin, may not have a universal appeal, but to the lovers of the southern coast country it is inherently interesting.

The novel portrays a group of South Carolina black people in all their simplicity, complexity, loves, and hates. Black April, who is the foreman of Blue Brook Plantation, dominates some three or four hundred of these people. Much interest in the book centers about his sons, some legitimate and some otherwise. "Breeze," an unacknowledged "otherwise," is a very human little fellow; one is found sympathizing with him in his effort to get over the "no-

manners" ways of Sandy Island, and be a "mannersable" little boy of Blue Brook Plantation.

Mrs. Peterkin has given her readers a chronicle of the lives of these people, their intensity, their superstition, and their near-savagery. Her descriptive pen has artistically painted the marshes, and the natural life of the South Carolina lowlands. Her picture of the unpretentious South Carolina negro, who rather resembles the Georgia "Geechee," appeals to southerners where the "all black" books of other authors pall a little.

Honeysuckle

BY ELIZABETH WILDE

*The cruel claws of distance snatched away
My love, and in a swoon more deep than sleep
Held fast my dream. The new moon crowned the brow
Of night; her sable robe was gemmed with stars—
Tho' swift I fled along the path that gleamed,
A silver arrow, shot among the vines,
Stern grief o'ertook me. How strangely white
The honeysuckle shone, like candles that
One lights before the dead! Its cloying scent
Arose and clung with futile, phantom hands—
I shook them off, and begged that space restore
My former joy. My pleas were vain, my dream
Was still, and silence stole my tears. The moon
With soft insistence shed her light upon
The blossoms, waxen ghosts. I gave my heart
To brief, and pinned the death-flowers in my hair.*

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ALUMNAE

By ELIZABETH WILDE

"Once there was a bride who wished to make bread. She mixed her dough; but, alas! she did not sufficiently understand the nature of yeast, and soon the dough filled every pan in the house. Tearfully and in secret, she buried it in the yard and thought she had defeated the energy of the yeast. But the next day she heard her husband calling to their neighbor to come and see the strange fungus which had sprung up overnight in his yard."

Truly there is great power in heaven—which is all only an involved way of saying that the alumnae, wishing to build the alumnae house on campus have shown a vigor like unto the inherent activity of yeast. Some day there will be a new growth on campus for alumnae to admire. Visitors and new girls will call it a house, made of bricks and mortar. But we who watch the labor of the various groups see it built, first of sandwiches and cake, mixed with music, "floated" by punch and gifts of money, and adorned with the strange and marvelous booty of rummage sales. We will value it highly for the love and labor which are going into the realizing of this dream of Wesleyan.

The first venture of the year had a Christian mission. Edward Burke, III, son of Lora Waterman Burke, asked

where his mother was, replied that she had gone to make sandwiches for those poor Wesleyan girls who had to go hungry, except for the food they bought at the "Whistling Pig," and the unfortunate girls could not go there without a freshman as chaperone.

The Macon clubs have a mission to lovely womanhood—they sponsor the beauty parlor. Group eight contributed six hundred dollars, the hard-won prize of a rummage sale.

The Atlanta club announced a gift of one hundred dollars by Mr. Lewis Beck, and another of fifty dollars by Mr. Charles W. Davis, in memory of Mrs. Emily Willett Davis, an alumnae of 1878.

On November first, Group Twelve sponsored a program at the Conservatory. The artists were Mrs. Grace Larimore Hightower, Mrs. Linda Anderson Lane, and Mrs. Josephine Franklin Reid.

While Wesleyan celebrated the holiday—and week-end—combined by a general exodus, the Atlanta alumnae slumbered not, but showered the beauties of Wesleyan to the delighted Atlanta high school girls. We who were here enjoyed their visit, and hope they will come back and inherit our college world, when we in turn have fallen heir to the alumnae-house-to-be.

From a Grandmother's Point of View

By MARGARET CHAPMAN



WISH I could know what I am supposed to be now. It is easy enough to be a proper "alum" five hundred, or even fifty miles away from the college, but when one is privileged to come back in September with the students and remain,

it is difficult to feel detached.

I don't harbor any of those resentments which are supposed to be so typical of first year alumnae, against those who took our place, but I do feel a little sorry for myself for being so out of things. I am afraid there is going

to be an uprising of me when the soccer season begins and I am not allowed to play. (I am thinking seriously of enlisting Dot McKay's aid in that uprising.)

The truth of the matter is that I have not been able to shed my student point of view yet, and I cannot feel like an official or an alumna. I am a sort of superannuate student.

Those who were my freshmen once now have in turn their freshmen, which makes a sort of grandmother of me.

Grandmothers, in any well-run family, are still members of the group, but not workers, and many of my friends have scornfully told me that I am filling the grandmother's place in more ways than one. Many are the dirty looks I get for strolling into breakfast late, when even the mighty seniors have to be there six minutes after the bell or not at all. And many, indeed, are the envious glances cast in my direction when I sit down in the library to read a juicy magazine while my junior contemporaries pore over "Gammer Gorton's Needle" or Chaucer's tales.

College is an ideal place for one whose life holds no fears of tests or parallel,

and whose light may or may not go off at nine o'clock without making one feel like a shirker. No student can really appreciate all the splendour of this new Wesleyan, for students haven't the leisure. The joy of those marble bath-rooms is tripled when one can luxuriate in them for thirty minutes if one chooses, and the parlors are twice as lovely for tea-drinking as they are for "boning."

If anyone is looking for the real truth about this grand new college, refer her to me, for I have had the leisure at night to discover almost all the nicest things, and I can tell them with enthusiasm unrestrained by worry over the morrow's fate (as would have been my trouble had we moved out here last year).

Note to the Editor: I said I would not write on the feelings of a first year alumna (I threaten the health of anyone who calls us "Baby Alumnae Class of '28"), but after all I seem to have done it. My enthusiasm over being one, however, seems to have outweighed my firm resolves not to talk about it. I hope you will not think I am trying to gloat over it. Your time will come.

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Exchange

THE CONCEPT Converse College



HE October and November issues of "The Concept" are unusually good. Both issues are made up into well-balanced, pleasingly arranged magazines. The essays, short stories, and plays are clever. We would like to mention the story, "The Old House" as being outstanding in its merits—as well as the sketches entitled "Castles In Europe." However, the outstanding feature of the magazine is the poetry. For the benefit of Wesleyan readers we will quote the poem "The Sweetest Thing" by Bessie Mell Poats as an example of the Concept's poetry:

The Sweetest Thing

The sweetest thing on earth
Is a worn-out baby shoe,
With yawnings at the end
Where little toes showed through.

There is a charm about them
That nothing else can hold
God, give me just two little shoes
Like these before I'm old.

Years

Oh, when I see young children,
With their wide, clear, guiltless eyes,—
The weight of years is on my heart,
Their grim hands tighten at my throat,—
I cry to God.

A Prayer at Christmas

By MARY FISKE

*May our love have in it
The patience of the shepherds,
The trust of the wise men,
The steadfastness of the star,
The tenderness of Mary the mother,
The holiness of Christ, the Child.*

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THE RAMBLER



THE TWO best things about a new and, as yet, unfinished campus are (1) that it is so new, and (2) that it is unfinished—so diplomatically unfinished.

There is a thrill in being the first to live in the new buildings, the first to make paths over the campus, and the first to discover that an extra burst of speed, double quick time, will get you to class soon enough, even though said class is in the building farthest away from you—a piece of knowledge which you will be able to pass on *ad infinitum*, down even to your grandchildren.

There is a thrill in the old, we know—a girl has a feeling of awe and pleasure as she lies down for the first time in the bed which, records declare, was once occupied by her great-great aunt, but if many years of dormant ancestors have caused the bed to sag in the center, the great-great niece of the great-great aunt is only too glad to change her heirloom for a comfortable piece of modernity, sans memories, but also sans sag. There is a feeling of reverence also engendered in the mind of the girl who gazes upward at an aged tower, for she owns a diary written by grandmother in which a reader may find these words:

"Saw the Wesleyan tower in daylight for the first time this morning. 'Tis truly an impressive spectacle. Went to the infirmary this afternoon for some liniment. Have been suffering severely from stiff neck."



We can not, do not, try to make light of the old—we love it—but there is much that we love in the new, too. Things in the past have happened, but there is no tarnish of reality upon the things in the future—they gleam softly and alluringly out through the mist of our dreams.

But new buildings have more than their newness to recommend them. No politicians can be more diplomatic than the new campus that looks boldly at the visitor. It seems to say, "Here I am, ready to receive praise and unable to receive blame. Don't complain that my views aren't perfect—that they're marred by newly plowed ground—don't say that my buildings aren't perfect—they're not supposed to be—I'm not yet finished. Just wait awhile—" And the rest is left to the vivid imagination of the visitor.

* * *

There is something entirely unsatisfactory about holidays—they don't know when to begin and they don't know when to end. Now don't misunderstand me. The in-between part of every holiday is most satisfyingly satisfactory, but the beginning and the ending are what trouble me. Why is every holiday so slow in coming? It can't be afraid to appear, for it is always welcome, and yet it makes one wait so long! Is it trying to be fashionable and come in late? Or is it merely so conceited and so sure of itself that it decides it can afford to be

late? Well, anyway, it's heartless. And then the ending! Everyone is sitting nicely and enjoying himself thoroughly, and the holiday up and leaves—leaves one cold and feeling as flat as an ex-balloon.

Sometime I'm going to fool the holiday. I'm going to take my Thanksgiving vacation February and stay away just as long as I wish. Armistice day will last at least a week. Christmas will last two months—one month on either side of it to sort of fill things out.

Yes, sir, it just isn't right to let the holiday go on ruling things as it has been—it's too bossy. I want to reform it. Will anyone help me?

* * *

Experimentation is a pleasant pastime—I discovered that when I was a child—that is, the experiment itself is very pleasant, but it is generally best to overlook the results. Otherwise your scientifically inclined mind may become doubting and you will be unwilling to inquire

into the effects of two hot dogs upon the digestive system at midnight, and think of the hot dogs you will miss then.

However, some experiments, amateurish as they may seem, turn out quite well—they have quite unlooked for success, and give the experimenter a greater faith in the utility of experiments. Just to prove my point, let me ask you, after the manner of great orators I have known, to "pardon a personal reference," and then give it to you, pardon or no. This evening, just about two minutes ago to be exact, I was feeling quite experimentish—indeed, that feeling was quite predominant. I had tried for, lo, these many hours to do a certain thing and, failing, I decided to try out an experiment. I took my pencil in hand, placed a piece of journalistically yellow paper upon a green book, forming a delightful background of color, and began. I wrote some words on the paper which contrasted beautifully with the green background. The words had little or no mean-

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ing, but I put them down anyway—all I could think of without a dictionary—and, behold, my experiment succeeded. The thing I had been trying to do for so

long was at last done. I counted back over the words to make sure—yes, it was a proved fact that I had written enough for the Rambler column.

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